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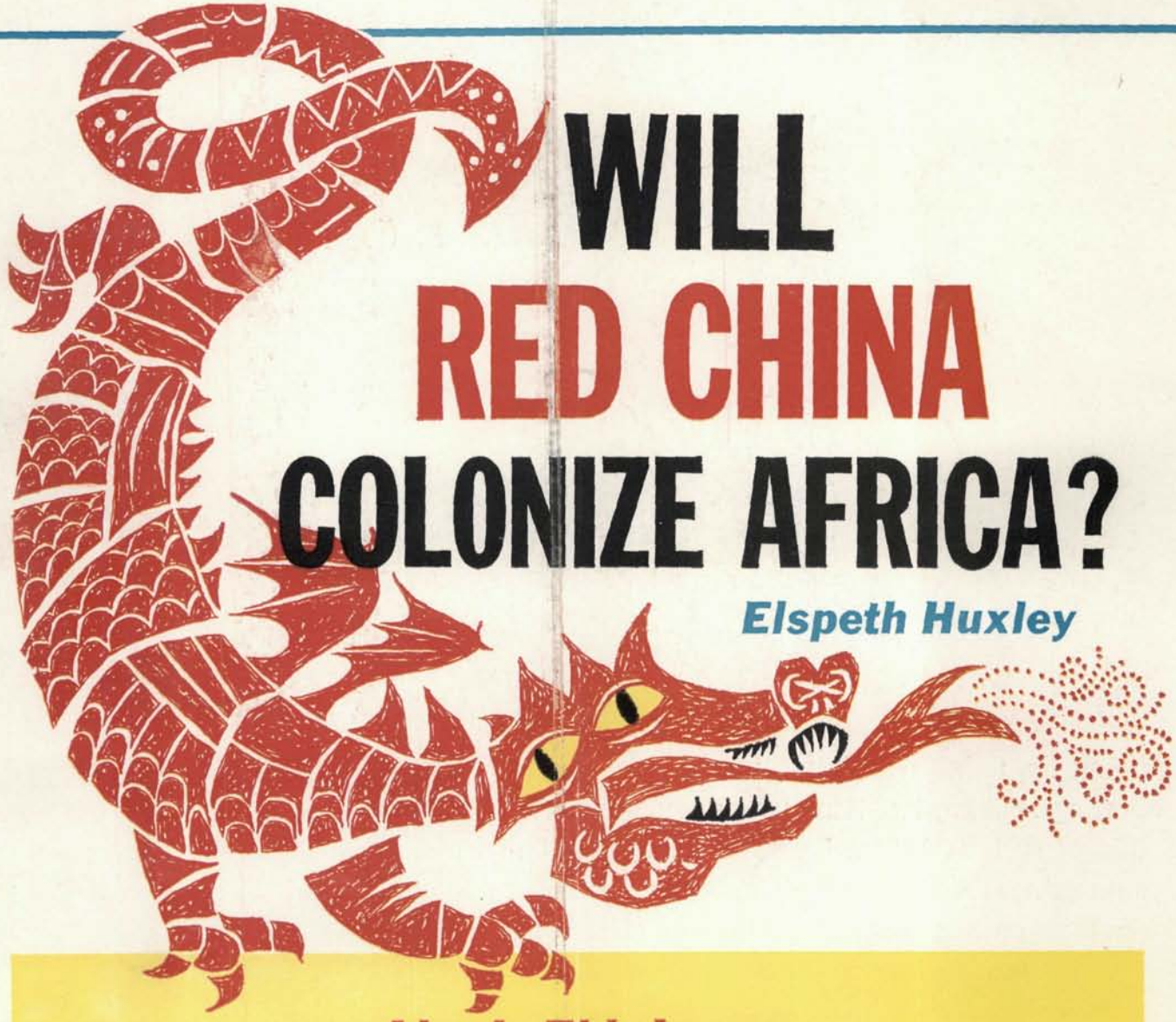
FEBRUARY 9, 1965

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion



WILL RED CHINA COLONIZE AFRICA?

Elspeth Huxley

Also In This Issue:

POSSONY ON THE WARREN REPORT AND THE SENSATIONALISTS ♦ VAN DEN HAAG AND HIS CRITICS HAVE AT IT ♦ MOLNAR REVIEWS TWO ON DE GAULLE ♦ ALSO SIR SHANE LESLIE, MEYER, BURNHAM, TONSOR

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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In This Issue . . .

➔ we celebrate the conclusion of a life magnificently lived. Mr. **Colm Brogan**'s ceremonial reminiscence, bearing the rare distinction of having been written *after* the death of Sir Winston, offers the genuine value of facing this always extraordinary event, the death of a great man, in the very spirit that had for so long been this one's mark: a mixture of gusto and authenticity. . . . **Elspeth Huxley,** currently sojourning in Australia, reviews the year 1964 and what it brought to Africa. Largely the Chinese Reds, she concludes, and things will get worse unless the U.S. firms up its policies and its nerve. . . . The terrific rumble that Prof. **Ernest van den Haag** touched off with his article on race, intelligence, and education moves towards its mortal agony as the Prof., like a champion gladiator, takes on all comers, and puts them to rest. . . . **"Tom Sage,"** a British journalist now working in Rome, has seen the glory of the coming of the Dino De Laurentiis version of the Bible. He describes the grandiloquent promotion stunts in a sarcastic trance such as Lucifer wrought on Milton, and despairs, brightly.

➔ **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** traces the spiritual, if that's not putting things too strongly, connection between the acrid atmosphere of intellectual disdain for everything American, as found in a work by Richard Avedon and James Baldwin—and an American foreign policy that seems incapable of defending America, or ashamed to. . . . What kind of war is Robert McNamara fighting, anyway? **James Burnham** reviews Hanson Baldwin's analysis of a Pentagon choked up with Maginot-Line thinking, and all set to fight the next war administratively, not strategically. . . . **Frank S. Meyer** describes the creative thinking and some of the practical accomplishments of Richard Cornuelle's Foundation for Voluntary Welfare, an endeavor, he finds, that adds a necessary dimension to conservative thinking in economics and government. . . . Would you like to buy a British island? **Russell Kirk,** noticing how a metropolitan civilization draws people back from the outposts, tells of the steady depopulation of the Hebrides and the Orkneys. Some that had been occupied for centuries are now unpeopled, and can be bought whole. But pray holy Iona keeps her people!

➔ Prof. **Thomas Molnar** reviews two recent books about de Gaulle, finds them useful, entertaining at times, but not tall enough or heavy enough to hand down the kind of indictment that de Gaulle keeps inviting. But the General is not so easily dismissed, says Molnar. In a century that obeys power, de Gaulle understands how to use power. . . . Sir **Shane Leslie** remembers what it was to live in an Empire sat upon by Queen Victoria, and has warm praise for Elizabeth Longford's biography of that durable lady. . . . Prof. **Stephen Tonsor** welcomes a symposium on Edmund Burke, edited by Peter Stanlis, as an affirmation of the enduring political realities. . . . Who killed JFK? The game of saying Oswald didn't started in Europe and is now here, in two books which **Stefan Possony** smashes. . . . **Richard Hodgens,** who reviews movies for *Film Quarterly,* has done the *Goldfinger* thing and come back, deep in thought, and more than slightly angry at movie-makers who don't care to distinguish hero from villain. ➔

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"What has destroyed liberty and the rights of man in every government which has ever existed under the sun? The generalizing and concentrating all cares and powers into one body, no matter whether of the autocrats of Russia or France or the aristocrats of a Venetian State."

Thomas Jefferson

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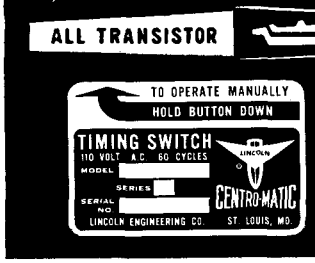

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To the Editor

'Strange Tactics'

Bravo and many cheers to M. Stanton Evans and his perceptive review of the Forster-Epstein collaboration, *Danger on the Right* [Jan. 26].

I have one question, though. Does anyone know who is responsible for plastering Lexington Avenue in Manhattan with small stickers reading: "Read the book *Danger on the Right*. Too many decent citizens have succumbed to the propaganda lies of the Radical Right."

There is no publisher's name printed on these stickers, nor the name of those distributing them.

Long Island City, N.Y. NORMAN A. WAGNER

Hanging On

Thank you for Frederick D. Wilhelmsen's "Towards a Theology of Survival" [Jan. 12]. For some time now I have been able to hold NATIONAL REVIEW in one hand only as long as the other grips the Apocalypse.

Passaic, N.J. ARIE R. BROUWER
Minister, Bethel Reformed Church

The Government Wants to Know

Wonderful, that article "Adventures of a Test-Taker" [Jan. 12]! Miss Zola's story is especially interesting for me because I have just recently gone through a very similar experience.

London, England GUNDA MULLER-PALM

Our organization was very interested in the article concerning psychological testing by Joan Zola.

We have found that a good majority of these objectionable tests are the work not of psychiatrists, but rather of psychologists, many of whom have no training in mental institutions, or under medical supervision. We further found that not only were they the second highest paid specialists in Civil Service, but that many of them were utilizing government time and government facilities to solicit private practice for their "moonlighting" activities after working hours.

The experiences described by Miss Zola are, unfortunately, rather commonplace, according to information in our files. Many of the activities she described on the part of professional personnel indicate very questionable

(Continued on p. 122)

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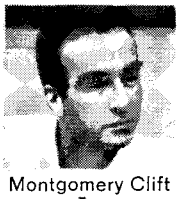
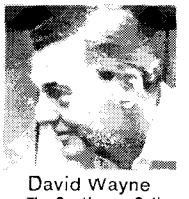

Montgomery Clift as Tom

Julie Harris as Laura

Jessica Tandy as Amanda


David Wayne as The Gentleman Caller

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The WEEK

● Hah chooo! . . . Hah chooo! Hah chooo! . . .

● 1) John McCone, head of the CIA, on January 26 instructed the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in the niceties of Vietnamese politics. 2) The Committee chairman, Sen. William Fulbright, emerged from the session to tell reporters that the Huong regime was in no immediate danger of being overthrown. 3) The Huong regime was overthrown that evening. 4) On the morning of January 27 Sen. Fulbright, Mr. McCone, the CIA, and the State Department could not be reached for comment.

● Budgetary gleanings. *Item*: Did you know that the $6.8 billion increase for welfare and educational programs in President Johnson's current budget message is equal to three-quarters the total federal budget in 1938—when the New Deal was in fullest flower? (The total sum in the LBJ budget for education and welfare is $36.8 billion.) *Item*: Despite all that energetic light-turning-offing, the estimated expense for the Office of the President is up $3.5 million for fiscal '66 and a further increase of $2.7 million is forecast for the following year. *Item*: The President contemplates putting 26,680 more civilians on the government payroll this year (to help carry out the "Cost-Efficiency" program?). *Item*: The national debt breaks down to $1,620 per head, man, woman, child and baby.

● The first public offering in the U.S. of Portuguese bonds took place last week—a $20 million issue, repayable of course in dollars, about half of which is said to have been placed in American hands by an impressive underwriting syndicate that included major banking and investment houses from France, Italy, Britain, Belgium, the Netherlands, West Germany, and Switzerland as well as the United States. Sturdy little Portugal may be emerging from the long night in which it was fashionable to despise her for her overseas policies. Perhaps Washington is seeing with new eyes; certainly Admiral George Anderson is the first American Ambassador to Lisbon who ever visited Angola and Mozambique; and if he spoke out as forcibly in favor of the Portuguese programs as he did three years ago when protesting against the McNamara-Fulbright scheme to muzzle the Pentagon, then Washington and the West may turn their Dunciad policy into a Lusiad yet. A sign: U.S. holders of the bonds (yielding, at issue, a fat 5.97%) are exempt from the interest equalization tax.

● If you like those kiddie-cued toothpaste commercials ("All together now, What Prevents Tooth Decay?" "*Cwest*!") you'll probably see nothing wrong in the adventures of Yuri and Irena on "Discovery" (ABC-TV). This has two healthy, piefaced Soviet kids, 14 and 12, demonstrate an even higher brand loyalty to peaceful coexistence whilst sightseeing around Manhattan, visiting the studio of Norman Rockwell, and exchanging philosophical views with American junior high school students. What is more sublime than the solution, long sought, painfully arrived at, to a problem that does not exist? Yuri and Irena are Producer Jules Power's way of showing that "Russian kids don't have fangs." Well, whoever said they had? Cavities maybe, fangs no.

● Every depositor of the Chase Manhattan Bank received the following announcement last month: "The simple nickel (and dime penny quarter half) are in short supply. They'll never be extinct, but there aren't enough coins in circulation these days. We at Chase Manhattan need more coins. Other banks need them too. In fact, most stores and retailers are in need of coins for their daily transactions. Coins for your convenience. So what can you do? Break that piggy bank. Empty that drawer. Open that jar of pennies. And bring your coins into the Bank. You can pick up coin wrappers at any of our 130 branches, should you desire them. Or you can bring in your change loose. We'll do the counting. We'll then swap you even for crisp new bills (we've got plenty of them). Sound fair?"

● President Lyndon Johnson, 25 January 1965: "I pledge that this Administration will strive to conduct the work of the Government by the same exacting standards that would apply in the most expertly managed private business." The editors of NATIONAL REVIEW, 27 January 1965: "Mr. President, we accept your resignation."

● The United States asked its Latin American neighbors last week to lend a hand in the anti-Communist campaign in South Vietnam. The Latin American neighbors respectfully declined, mentioning a prior commitment in Cuba.

● The word from the shadow-world is that Hungarian-U.S. relations will "normalize" soon, which means full diplomatic relations, suspended since the 1956 uprising, will be resumed. Until recently the greatest obstacle to this has been the asylum of Cardinal Mindszenty in the U.S. legation, in protest against the brutal suppression of the uprising by the Russians with the complicity of the Kadar regime, which still rules Hungary. Now, however, Cardinal Mindszenty's protest is thought to lack suf-

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ficient public appeal to hinder the accord; the proof of which was the general indifference, last year, when the "Hungarian Question" was removed from the UN agenda.

● Persistent rumors (reported in the *Diario de Yucatán,* Jan. 21) of a large shipment of grain from Mexico to the Communist bloc are reinforced by the presence of two large Soviet freighters in the harbor at Salina Cruz (Oaxaca). One of them has on board a huge cargo of wheat. The warehouses in nearby Ixtepec are stuffed with corn. Port authorities and the Soviet skippers at Salina Cruz will not allow newsmen to board the ships. Corn and wheat are shipped to Mexico from the U.S. under the Food for Peace program.

● We await changes in the Party-line press now that Generalissimo Franco has moved to broaden Spain's relations with the Soviet bloc countries: can a dirty fascist pig warmonger get religion?

● The Saigon syndrome, signifying total collapse of faith in U.S. intentions, is spreading like a pall across the South Pacific. Now Philippine rioters, sparked by a trained *apparat* convinced that its hour has struck, are carrying long-standing grudges against U.S. military personnel to the ultimate in full-scale Hate America demonstrations. Now Okinawans lend significant support to a movement for the return of the Ryukyu Islands to Japan. It's part of the fall-out from the Peking bomb, but the bomb has only accelerated, through panic, the drift of our Southeast Asian allies toward a neutralism they—and we—can ill afford.

● It came out last week that General Motors has been negotiating secretly for months to build a $100 million plant on a 1,200 acre site in Belgium's (and Europe's) great port of entry, Antwerp. The GM project will adjoin the huge works that Ford is completing. In all, 27 major U.S. corporations are now operating in Antwerp. Recently, important German firms have also begun moving in. Farbenfabriken-Bayer, for example, is building a $50 million plant for making caprolactane, used as a raw material for synthetic fibers and plastics. Another chemical firm, Badische Anilin- und -Soda Fabrik, has taken over 1,100 acres for a plant on the same scale. Belgium becomes increasingly attractive to industry not only because of its favorable transport and communications relation to continental Europe, but because of its commitment, for all de Gaulle's huffing, both to the Common Market and the Atlantic Community.

● That old debbil World Opinion showed up in Zambia the other day just in time to put the kibosh on all the fun. The cabinet had assembled, a bucket of goat's blood handy, and was fixing to apply same to the feet of President Kaunda—that's the way Zambians honor their heroes—when some spoilsport internationalist asked: What will World Opinion think of this? and Mr. Kaunda had to carry on with dry feet.

As He Lay Dying

The defeat suffered by the British Labor Party January 21 in the Leyton by-election, and the narrow margin by which it won the same day at Nuneaton, astonished everyone. In October, Prime Minister Wilson's chosen Foreign Secretary, Patrick Gordon Walker, had lost his seat in Smethwick because—so the accepted account went—of a racial backlash sprung from an influx of non-whites in recent years. To get him back into Parliament, as the British system requires, Labor picked out for him what was assumed to be the absolutely safe seat of Leyton —working-class in population, voting solidly Labor for thirty years (a 7,926 vote Labor margin last October), with virtually no non-whites and a young inexperienced Tory rival. The 73-year-old incumbent was shuffled off to the House of Lords with a life peerage. The British Gallup Poll reported Labor well ahead of its October showing. The Leyton outcome was taken for granted. Then came the vote, and the bum's rush for Patrick Gordon Walker. At Nuneaton, another long-time Labor bastion, the powerful trade union leader, Frank Cousins, just managed to scrape by.

What had happened? The analysts have been trying to assemble the factors—low turnout, Walker's unimpressive style of campaigning, racial backlash by contagion, resentment at the yanking of the old-timer and the imposition of an outsider, worry over the pound—but the whole lot does not add up to a sufficient explanation.

An article written that week by Pierre Boutang in the French weekly, *Nation Française,* opens up an altogether different dimension:

"The final service that a national hero performs for his people is his death: the hour and style of his death, the moment and opportunity it brings for an inner reprise of the decisive historical actions done by the hero—these are stronger, for a few hours or days, than the power of forgetfulness. Just in that fact is the contradiction of every sort of positivism and Marxism. The meaning and content of the life fully revealed only by its interruption; without the death agonies, above all those that are long and heavy, during which humanity speaks softly as if in a death chamber that has suddenly become

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the entire world, and holds its breath, Clio would sleep or become stupid.

"Churchill's dying, by its timing and its manifest *weight,* seems to me like an effective cause even more than like an end. If I may speak intuitively about this man of intuition, it seems to me that the feelings and memories that this dying awakens are surely going to act on the people of England."

Once spoken, does it not seem manifest?—that, as Winston Churchill lay dying, his spirit moved the people of England to shame and honor; to a repudiation, for a few hours or days, of those little men whose function it is to soften, corrupt and destroy the England Churchill lived and died for?

On War and Peace

The *War/Peace Report* is a periodical put out by a random-sample group of pacifists (*e.g.,* Roger Baldwin), fanatic anti-Germans (James Warburg), and eccentrics (Stuart Chase), which favors anyone who says he favors peace, and disdains to inquire whether the peacemonger in question also believes that Communists should practice peace. *W/P Report* is currently angry with NATIONAL REVIEW and does a neat job, in the process of laying down its criticisms, of showing how invincibly ignorant the modern Liberal is of the manners and morals of controversy.

The provocation is the article we published in the Dec. 15 issue on how Moscow uses the peace movements. In it Mr. Laszlo Taubinger discusses the Communists' manipulation of the peace issue. "It would of course be a gross distortion," Mr. Taubinger reminded us all, in a passage dutifully republished by *W/P,* "to maintain that every society which pursues the cause of peace under whatever title (non-violence, anti-war, reconciliation, etc.) is, knowingly or otherwise, either led or infiltrated by Moscow. This year's [1964] Easter March on New York's Washington Square, for example, was formed by groups working directly under the Communist World Council for Peace as well as by others having absolutely no connection with the World Council for Peace. The following organizations, however, are regularly mentioned in the official bulletins of the WCP."

"He then," the editorial writer for *W/P* begins his thunder, "lists a number of organizations, including Women Strike for Peace, Women's International League for Peace and Freedom [and others] none of which gets its cues from the World Council for Peace. But Mr. Taubinger implies that because a publication mentions certain organizations, those organizations are necessarily in full sympathy with the publication."

1. Mr. Taubinger implied nothing of the sort.

2. Any discerning analyst knows that a Communist journal tends to mention frequently and favorably only those organizations which it either has penetrated, which it is seeking to penetrate, which it considers ripe for penetration, or which it judges to be pursuing a course aiding Communist objectives.

3. In point of fact, Women Strike for Peace participated in a World Congress for General Disarmament and Peace (July 9-14, 1962) sponsored by the World Council for Peace. A WCP Bulletin states that one speaker thereat was Ruth Gage-Colby of Women Strike for Peace; and another, coincidentally enough, Brock Chisholm, a member of the Board of *War/Peace Report.*

4. In point of fact, Women Strike for Peace, a comparative newcomer in the Peace Camp, is infested, at the leadership level, with Fifth Amendment types who have followed the distinctively CP Peace line (here defined as objecting strenuously to armament or military activity when performed by the West, but not when performed by the Communists: *e.g.,* criticism of U.S. help for armed resistance to the Vietcong by the Free South Vietnamese, but not of armed aggression against the Free South Vietnamese by the Vietcong); and the veteran Women's International League for Peace and Freedom for decades followed the same general line.

But there is more. Denouncing NATIONAL REVIEW for its McCarthyite tactics, the editors are airborne: "The Right Wing has always viewed with suspicion the concept of peace" was their opening sentence. "The leading publication of the Right, NATIONAL REVIEW, carries as one of its cover stories"—the article by Mr. Taubinger, analyzed as above. Then: "In view of this unrelenting barrage by the Far Right [we are now the Far Right, though only two paragraphs ago, we were merely Right Wing] against peace advocates, one must cheer the creation of the National Council for Civic Responsibility. Sponsored by the Public Affairs Institute, it is headed by Arthur Larson [who, what do you know, is also on the Board of Sponsors of *W/P*]. Larson explained the motivation for the creation of the new organization this way:

" 'For years many Americans, including myself, thought that the best way to treat the radical reactionary movement [we have now progressed into Radical Reactionary. From Right Wing, to Far Right, to Radical Reactionary in five paragraphs] was to ignore it.' " What is the radical reactionary movement, of which NATIONAL REVIEW is the leading publication? Dr. Larson continues, " 'Their charges—that Presidents Eisenhower, Kennedy, Truman and Roosevelt were traitors; that Earl Warren should be impeached together with most of the rest of the Supreme Court for good measure; that most of the legislation asked [*sic*] by Congress in the last thirty

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Focus on WASHINGTON

GOP pros here aren't being fooled by the press stories that attempt to paint Ray Bliss, the new GOP National Chairman, as one of the worst state chairmen in GOP annals. Bliss' record in Ohio was just about average for the Dewey-Eisenhower years. During his reign the GOP occupied the Ohio gubernatorial mansion one-quarter of the time, lost both U.S. Senate seats, lost fourteen House seats, lost about 50 seats in the state legislature, and met its fund quota irregularly: an average performance for the sixteen-year period. Bliss is no magician; he's no idiot. He's a standard Midwestern political functionary, who has been fighting, as have many others, against the GOP dry rot since 1948 or so.

◆ A source that is usually reliable has confided that the 24-hour surveillance of Bobby Baker, which had been instituted on White House order before the election, was called off shortly before Christmas. Now if Bobby Baker can only shake off the GOP observers and the Bobby Kennedy disciplinarians, he'll have a moment to himself. Some believe that's the meaning of the outburst by Carole Tyler last week.

◆ Old hands around Washington don't make too much over the incident in which White House troops tried to round up warm bodies to sit in the terribly empty Inaugural Parade reviewing stands reserved for members of the Congress. After several nights of drinking, dancing, late hours, and all that rough work, the members of Congress took a dim view of joining a small army to sit in the cold to make the White House happy. The congressional reserves in the parade stands were no emptier this year than usual.

◆ In the wake of the President's budget message, some Democratic members of the Congress are beginning to show concern over the President's well-known distaste for monetary questions. The continuous decline in the Treasury's reserves of gold and silver, it is argued, should give rise to cautious tactics; but the President has barged ahead with the standard welfarism of the 1930s and the standard hope that large deficits exist in a vacuum, without relation to the monetary affairs of other nations. There is no sign of a Democratic revolt against the President; but a growing number of Democratic congressmen hope to save their souls by prayer and good works after supporting the President in his first budget.

◆ Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz knuckled under to the AFL-CIO and upped its hourly wage, payable to youths enrolled in the Neighborhood Youth Corps (a job-training rather than a genuine work project) from 80¢ to $1.25. Local programs that had been authorized became unworkable, local boards that had been about to enter the program decided against it; and from coast to coast the chief victim was the originally contemplated beneficiary, namely, the young unemployed. But that's the way it'll be, unless the AFL-CIO changes Wirtz's mind for him.

◆ Congress—well okay, certain sections of Congress—got a good chuckle out of that portion of the President's Budget Message that made a big to-do about "users" of "government services" paying a realistic fee for the services. At the time the Budget Message was transmitted, the President was using full-time the services of the Bethesda Naval Hospital, for which he was paying $1.09 a day.

—CATO

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years was unconstitutional—seemed so preposterous as not to deserve an answer.' "

We are peaceful folk; but when, we wonder ruefully, will a council for civic responsibility declare war against that kind of amalgamated smear? To quote that great pacifist, Nikita Khrushchev, when shrimps learn to whistle, that's when.

FOOTNOTE: Last fall, when Dean Clarence Manion addressed a letter to Arthur Larson asking him a number of pointed questions, Mr. Larson refused to reply—an act of discourtesy and injustice which so enraged a member of Dr. Larson's Council, the fairminded Mr. Clarence Randall, that he resigned. One of Dean Manion's questions was: Is the Council for Civic Responsibility going to be financed by tax-exempt money? The closing sentence in *W/P's* editorial: "The work of the Council will be financed by voluntary, tax-exempt contributions to the Public Affairs Institute."

LBJ's New Budget

Have you ever read a federal budget? Neither have we. Not that there's anything particularly reprehensible in a deliberate delegation of authority to experts; very often that is the single path toward efficiency. The point is that there simply isn't anyone to whom *this* chore can be delegated. No single person, no single agency really, can read and understand and evaluate the federal budget. The President told the Congress that every expenditure reflects "a careful balancing of national goals against budgetary costs." If he means that he agonized over every penny, he must have agonized ten trillion separate times, poor man. Or, if he was dealing in round figures like a million dollars, the President even then must have made a hundred thousand distinct budgetary decisions. Which of course he certainly did not do. If the President made a hundred decisions during the week-end at the ranch when

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he went over the final text, then he budgeted approximately $1 billion per decision—the best that could be done, no doubt, but dismaying to those of us who pony up the dollars that go into those billions. Thousands of lifetimes of Form 1040 taxpayers produce the funds that the President disposes of in a minute.

Point No. 1, then, is that the President's budget is out of control because it is uncontrollable. Next time a Liberal tells you that Washington is capable of taking on this or that additional task, tell him to go read the federal budget.

Point No. 2: the budget is incomplete. Fiscal operations of government trust funds, allowance for capital transactions, and "other" activities account for $33 billion of expenditures not included in the regular budget. How does that $33 billion break down? Has anyone seen the figures? Who's in charge there?

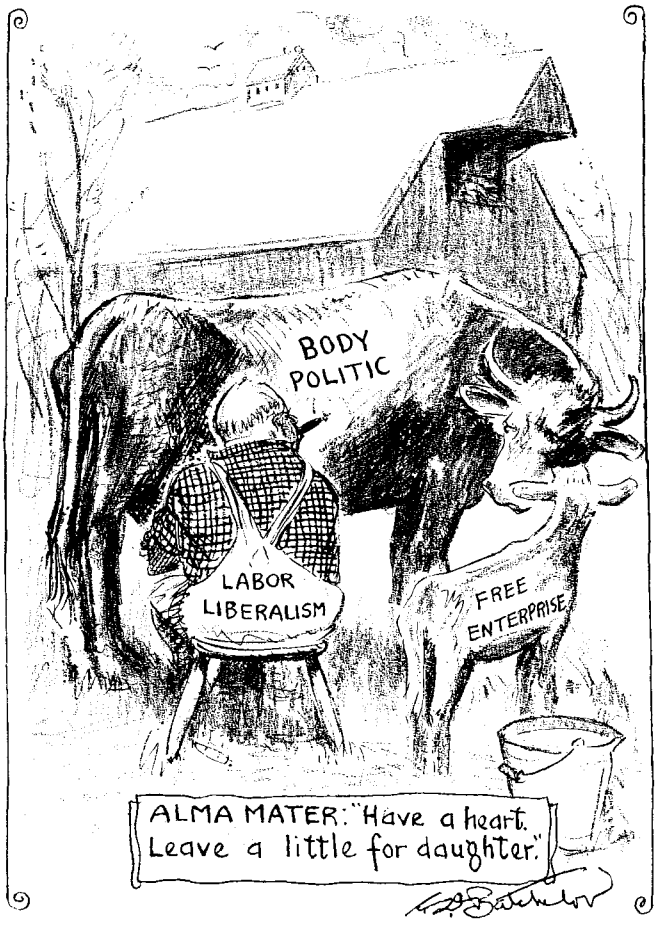
Point No. 3: perhaps because the budget-making process forces the President to suffocate in a fog of statistics, he loses sight of the general picture. The most important single financial fact in 1965 is that the United States Treasury is being sapped of of its "free" gold and silver reserves at a rate that points to grief within a couple of years, and very possibly this year. In his enormous letter of transmittal, the President had only four short sentences on the balance of payments, and made no mention at all of the long-term decline in the Treasury's holdings of gold and silver.

Finally, because of the impossibility of successful monitoring of the budget as a whole, the President is given an opportunity to tinker with the figures, juggle the accounts, and dress things up to suit the oratory of the moment. Articles detailing the folly if not the outright falsification of the accounts and the estimates are common enough and good enough (see the *Wall Street Journal*, Jan. 26), and need not be supplemented here. What needs emphasis is that when an Executive staff prepares a deliberately distorted report and forecast of the nation's finances, when the President signs it and transmits it to the Congress, and when the Congress formally accepts it, even though everyone connected with the affair understands that the air is befouled with the odor of deception—then the basis of trust and moral integrity without which no free government can endure is shaken, riven, with consequences to be measured in grief and misery.

This is what conservatives mean when we say that the Federal Government has grown too big. And this is one important reason why such open-end programs as the abolition of poverty, ignorance, and ill health must be approached with caution. For there is no limit, no conceivable limit to the money that could be spent trying to make people healthy, wealthy and wise. No limit, that is, short of the grief and misery of national bankruptcy.

In and Out

Well, it seems, darling, that Buddhist monks are simply *out* this season. Did you *see* that nice NBC man reporting from Saigon on the Huntley-Brinkley show the other night? He explained *all* about those awful monks—how they are just political agitators and Commies in disguise and not really religious at all, and ordinary decent people don't have to have anything to do with them, but they plot and conspire with the Vietcong to wreck *everything*. Their ruthless leaders like that *terrible* Thich Tri Quang who sneaked into our embassy when Ambassador Lodge wasn't looking, back before the monks shot President Diem and exiled his poor sister, drugged their innocent followers and then set them on fire just for *propaganda*, can you believe it? They can all go burn themselves up, *I* say. The NBC man must have been telling the truth because the *New York Times* wrote the same thing two days later, and *everybody* believes what the *Times* says. "Buddhist tactics have served Communist purposes," was the way it summed things up in that stuffy *Times* lan-



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guage. The *Herald Tribune* was *much* more readable the next day, about the burnings—"the cowardly and sinister scheme of a group of fanatics to climb to power." Doesn't it *thrill* you?

And the UN, my dear! Haven't you *noticed*? The UN's out, too, like those awful long skirts we wore not so long ago. Nobody *cares* any more what they yak about over in those horrible-looking glass buildings. The papers hardly *mention* the UN these days. All those black cannibals in their white robes putting a hex on us, and that squabble about money—it's too sordid! There hasn't been a peep for months from that American Association for the United Nations and it was *such* a friendly organization when Eleanor Roosevelt was alive. My husband tells me Xerox canceled the rest of its TV programs on the UN, they bored everybody so. The President only had one single little sentence on the UN in that *huge* Budget Message—remember that silly talk there always used to be about "last best hope for peace" and "foundation of our foreign policy" and all that? Pretty smart of those Russians not to waste their money paying their dues. And I can't blame that Sukarno one *bit* for just walking out.

Don't mention it, but someone told me school boycotts are going to be out, too, maybe before summer! Did you read about that dreadful Rev. Galamison who turned New York upside down last year? Well, it seems he started some new boycotts two weeks ago, and, can you *believe* it, the judge is going to put him in *jail* if he doesn't stop! And did you read what that judge did to the leaders of that welfare union? Jail for them, too, no arguments. You don't *suppose* that these strikes that get in everybody's hair could be the next thing *out*, my dear?

No Little Indians

So one more South Vietnamese "civilian government" has toppled! Will the State Department finally come to recognize that in South Vietnam the possibility of a workable civilian government disappeared with the shooting of Diem and the destruction of his regime? The only possible anti-Communist government—to the small extent that any government is possible—is a military government. The military is the only anti-Communist mass force that still retains some coherence and structure, and thus the only social base for a functioning government.

It is absurd to repeat that "the war cannot be won unless there is a stable, popular government." There cannot be a stable, popular government *because* the war is being lost, is very nearly altogether lost. Just conceivably there might be a sufficiently workable government if the military took full charge and responsibility; and this they could do only if they had the firm political as well as military support of the United States. We, not the Vietcong or the Buddhists, have proved to be the prime government-wreckers in South Vietnam.

But the form of the government—over a nation largely in enemy hands—means little in any case. The decision to prevent Communist conquest of South Vietnam must be made in Washington, not Saigon, if it is to be made at all; and from all present indications, it is not to be.

The Presidential Catarrh

Talk about mountains and molehills, what gave with the television newshounds week-end before last? All right, all right, so the President might have been seriously ill. He had a massive heart attack some years back. It was not only right but enterprising for NBC and CBS to rip up their cameras, set up their command posts at the Bethesda Naval Hospital to let the rest of us in on how Mr. Johnson was. But when it turned out that what the President had, was what the doctors had said all along he had, a bad cohd in da edd, was it necessary to give us every detail? Wouldn't a two-minute report on the late news have done it?

"We interrupt this program," a gravefaced baritone-voiced announcer would announce, "to bring you a special report from the Bethesda Naval Hospital." Fade out CBS New York, fade in the network's White House reporter, also gravefaced and mellifluous of voice, to tell us . . . well, the latest about the President's pulse and respiration rate . . . his sedimentation count . . . that he "has a hacking cough that tapers off into a whistle." . . . that (at 7:00 P.M.) he was taking a cough syrup that contained ammonium chloride which (by 11:00) had turned into a brown syrup with a rhubarb base.

Everyone who wasn't deaf or blind (or smart enough to switch off the TV set) knew that the President wore crimson pajamas on Saturday and white-piped light green ones on Sunday . . . that he saw four reporters for thirteen (not twelve or fourteen) minutes on Saturday but for only eight minutes on Sunday. But no one seemed to know what the President had worn by way of underwear on Inauguration Day. "State secret," snapped Admiral Burkley with proper naval reticence. The President (you gotta watch that guy's security) apparently not knowing it was a state secret, allowed as how he had worn "electric underwear." A White House spokesman quickly (now that the secret was out) clarified that to mean "thermal underwear" which required still another clarification because still another (anonymous) White House informant had stated earlier that the President didn't

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wear thermal underwear because he hated the darn things.

The mystery of the Presidential underwear was part of the greater and more serious mystery: who had given Mr. Johnson his cold, and where and when? From the tone of voice of the reporter discussing *that* one you might have supposed that J. Edgar Hoover and Earl Warren were both on the job, investigating.

At 4:30 A.M. Sunday, we were told—we forget whether it was NBC, CBS or ABC that perpetrated this one—that Mr. Johnson was awakened from his sleep to be informed that Winston Churchill had died, and that as he sat up in bed, all drowsy and flannel-mouthed, he proclaimed: "He was History's child and what he said and what he did will never die. . . ."

Not since Christopher Robin had wheezles and sneezles has such a commotion been made over a common head cold. We wait in shivery anticipation of Mr. Johnson's declaration of war on that, too.

Not Yet Ripe to REAP?

In our last issue we reported Mr. F. Clifton White's plan for launching the *Republican Education and Action Program* (REAP) as a mass organization to give productive outlet in political action to those thousands of citizens who won their spurs in the Goldwater campaign. We now learn that REAP's birth has been indefinitely postponed.

The need for REAP, or its equivalent, remains, however, as palpable as ever. It is manifest that in much of the nation the ardent grass-roots political interest that revealed its existence and seriousness in the campaign cannot find adequate expression in the official Republican Party machinery—which, for most citizens, is dormant outside of campaigns and not infrequently rather sleepy during campaigns. Active leaders of the conservative community are acutely aware of the organizational problem this poses and the opportunity it opens up for a general conservative advance toward fuller harvests in 1966 and 1968. If REAP is to be laid aside, alternative proposals will soon, we believe, be forthcoming.

Notes and Asides

Although NATIONAL REVIEW is not connected with any conservative or right-wing (or, for that matter, left-wing) organization, our readers, regarding us as they do as the fount of Wisdom and Knowledge, are prone to write and ask us how to get in touch with this outfit or that. Since we get such inquiries in the hundreds a month, we think it would be convenient for you and for us to list a number of addresses that have lately been much in demand:

American Bar Association (in connection with its pamphlet *Peaceful Coexistence, a Communist Blueprint for Victory*), 1155 E. 60th Street, Chicago, Ill. 60637; Americans for Constitutional Action, 20 E St. N.W., Washington 1 D.C.); American Conservative Union (temp. hq: 53 D St. S.E., Washington D.C.); America's Future Inc., 542 Main St., New Rochelle, N.Y.; Conservative Book Club, 542 Main St., New Rochelle, N.Y.; Conservative Party of New York, Room 807, 141 E. 44th St., N.Y. 10017; Foundation for Economic Education, 30 South Broadway, Irvington - on - Hudson, N.Y.; Hungarian Freedom Fighters Federation, 201 Raymond Ave., So. Orange, N.J.; Intercollegiate Society of Individualists, 629 Public Ledger Bldg., Philadelphia 6, Pa.; Public Action, Inc., 131 E. 69th St., N.Y. 10021; Reading Reform Foundation, 36 W. 44th St., N.Y. 10017; REAP (see editorial in this issue); Steve Allen, c/o Bomb the Chinese Bomb Committee, 1313 North Vine St., Hollywood 28, Calif.; The Bookmailer, 30 W. Price St., Linden, N.J. 07036; Young Americans for Freedom, Nat'l. Hq., 514 C St. N.E., Washington D.C.

State Department Drinking Song

In nineteen hundred and forty-five,
That's the year we came alive:
That's the year we fastened our star
To Kenya, Ghana and Zanzibar!
(Down the hatch and gobbledegook;
Senator Dodd's a noisy kook.)

Of course, they weren't emerging *then,*
But all we State Department men
Were set on keeping the door ajar
For Kenya, Ghana and Zanzibar.
(Drink, chug-a-lug, and bottoms up!
Who's gonna poison Tshombe's cup?)

Though Adlai's help was simply *great,*
He always boggled at what they ate—
The menu's *def*initely bizarre
In Kenya, Ghana and Zanzibar.
(Who's been hiding the Roquefort dip?
South Africa's a dictatorship!)

Finally, thanks to LBJ,
We don't make a move unless they say
It's guaranteed to be popular
In Kenya, Ghana and Zanzibar!
(Washington's getting so out of hand
You're *safer* living in Maryland.)

W. H. VON DREELE

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African Affairs

Red China's Year in Africa

ELSPETH HUXLEY

Janus, the god who faces both ways, must look back somewhat ruefully at Africa in 1964. Three events stand out: the bloody turmoil of the Congo; the takeover of Zanzibar by Peking-aligned Communists; the dissolution of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. All are part of the break-up of the political pattern as we knew it and the emergence of a fresh one whose outlines can, as yet, be only dimly seen.

Elspeth Huxley

There's no need to stress the awfulness of the Congo. Even those who had unfashionably pointed out how brittle was the crust of law, order and civilized government over primitive tribalism did not foresee how quickly and how bloodily that crust would shatter. To allocate blame is generally futile. If the Belgians were to blame first for failing to prepare their vast dependency for independence, and then for pulling out too abruptly, they have paid a ghastly price. If the United Nations—more precisely, the Afro-Asian countries who applied the pressure—were to blame for crushing in Katanga the only pocket of order, rational government and economic stability in the whole country, they will pay with a devastating loss of confidence in the UN's impartiality and competence. If the United States was to blame first for betraying Tshombe in order to appease the Afro-Asians and then, too late to avoid the carnage, for switching to the support of Tshombe against a Communist-inspired revolt engendered by their own expediency, they are paying now in loss of influence, prestige and goodwill. Tortured missionaries and massacred tribesmen have paid already for the sins and stupidities of others, as is the way of the world. It's all a sorry shambles that need never have happened.

Closely linked to it is the Communist takeover in Zanzibar. This has achieved its object: to provide an African base for Peking. The great French marshal and administrator Lyautey likened his "pacification" policy in Algeria to a stain of oil. From each post that he established, law, order and French influence spread outwards like a drop of oil on a patch of sand. Communists operate the same way. Their influence has spread already into Tanganyika—now Tanzania, theoretically united with Zanzibar—and into the eastern Congo. Now it is probing north into Kenya and south into Malawi (formerly Nyasaland). But in both those countries, resistance to the stain oil is exercised by father-figures of African nationalism, the veteran "prison-graduates" Jomo Kenyatta and Hastings Banda. Of ironies there is no end. Until a year or two ago, nothing too bad could be said of both those men by nearly every European. Now they are the great hopes of the whites, defenders of settlers, bulwarks against Communism.

The reason for this Alice-Through-the-Looking-Glass situation is that both men, now around seventy, belong to an old guard educated in a European fashion who think in a European way and spent much of their active lives in Europe. They fought the colonial system, won their victories and now want to head stable governments basically European. But they are jostled by a new generation contemptuous of European ideas, especially of democracy, whose leaders proclaim their *négritude*, their African-ness, and look East rather than West, towards authoritarian centralism, socialism, the mass and not the individual, the commune not the club. These are the men of the new Africa. We of the West can talk business with a Kenyatta or a Banda, a Nyerere or a Houphouet-Boigny; we're all at sea with an Odinga or Kambona, a Gbenye or Soumialot, and a host of Peking-trained graduates whose very names are unfamiliar.

The third event I mentioned, the break-up of the central African Federation, was the last act of a twelve-year-old drama rather than the first act of a new one. The Federation's economic success could not compensate for its political failure. Only the courageous but mulish stubbornness of Sir Roy Welensky kept it going. His retirement last December was a personal tragedy, the death of an ideal and an ambition. The Federation split into Malawi, Zambia and Rhodesia. Of these, much the most stable is Zambia with the world's richest copper mines and a leader, Kenneth Kuanda, of a sober and a moderate complexion.

The 'Mods'

But all these "moderates"—Kuanda, Nyerere, Banda, Kenyatta, Obote—are faced with a dilemma. To intimidate the colonialists, they built up a powerful and unruly following mostly of young men and boys, who could be relied on to gather into mobs, parade with banners, hurl stones at cars and cheer their leaders at the drop of a hat. They could be relied on for little else. In all these countries, unemployment is rife, bright hopes centered round freedom slogans impossible to realize, hunger never far away. These youth wings of single-party states are like barrels of dynamite. The Kuandas and Kenyattas, Nyereres and Bandas stand by anxiously with rather tatty hosepipes, hoping there'll be no explosion. Last summer, three of them escaped by a hair's breadth when their armies mysteriously mutinied in Kenya, Tanganyika and Uganda.

Still looking back at 1964, but at trends rather than events, the most significant appears to be the failure of the Organization of African Unity to deal with the Congolese disaster. It is nearly two years since the OAU was set up (in May 1963) to unite in common policies the independent African states, with its headquarters in Addis Ababa. It is the Liberation Committee of this body that, centered in Dar es Salaam, is plotting revolt

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against Portuguese control of Angola and Mozambique.

The OAU is an embodiment of yearning for unity, for a black presence, a Negro *mystique,* and a common voice in world affairs. In human terms this is, of course, an impossible ideal at present, just as the ideal of European unity, conceived in Roman imperialism and implicit in the Christian vision, has eluded humanity for two thousand years. But there is no harm in trying. "A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?" There's no heaven yet in Africa but Africans, like men everywhere, reach towards it, and the OAU expresses that aspiration at the political level.

In 1964 it took its first hard knock. Efforts to mediate in the Congo failed, its attempt to ostracize Tshombe turned sour and the gap widened between those states whose leaders smell "neo-colonialism" on every western breeze, though not on eastern ones, and those with a less suspicious attitude. Six of the OAU states (Nigeria, Senegal, Sierra Leone, Togo, Liberia and the Malagasy Republic) were ready to respond to Tshombe's call for OAU forces—*African* forces—to help quell the rebellion in his eastern province. Led by Algeria, the United Arab Republic, Ghana and Mali, the OAU imposed conditions Tshombe could not accept, involving the virtual recognition of the rebels as a rival power; and Tshombe fell back on his white mercenaries.

In 1965 the African states will certainly do all they can to repair the damage to the OAU and stop the split between its two groups from growing wider. They may succeed. It is to the interest of the world that they should. Yet the difficulties are formidable. What link is there between an ancient, feudal monarchy like Ethiopia on the one hand, and an island ruled by Peking Communists on the other? Between militant and Muslim Algeria, tempered by a seven-year anti-white war, and the easy-going, intriguing, plump, banana-eating Ugandans in the torrid Lake Victorian basin? The link, perhaps, is psychological: the need to show the world that Africa can succeed where Europeans have failed, in achieving unity.

Non-alignment has been a non-starter in 1964. The OAU states are still backing it for all they're worth but its triumph seems, to put it mildly, problematical. The conference of 47 non-aligned countries, 29 of them African, held in Cairo last October, got badly bogged down in recriminations against Mr. Tshombe, who spent his time immured in a hotel under a kind of house arrest instead of at the conference table. The USSR and the Chinese Peoples' Republic don't believe in non-alignment and don't intend to let the lesser breeds practice it. The West, as usual, is a lot less forthright but, as aid increases, may well take a tougher line.

The New Year starts, as usual, with several question marks. The Congo: has Tshombe, with his handful of mercenaries, really got the rebels licked? If so, what next? Is reconciliation possible? Can Tshombe, or anyone, genuinely unify this savage, sprawling land? Gradually, perhaps, 1965 may see the Congo pull itself out of the trough. Massive outside aid is needed to rebuild and then develop its economy; no aid will be effective until peace and confidence have been restored. Once more the chicken and the egg.

Then, Rhodesia. Like the damsel in the famous picture "September Morn," shrinking on the brink of a pool, Rhodesia has been teetering, ever since the Federation's break-up, on the brink of an independence unilaterally seized because Britain refuses to concede it, as she has to all her former colonies with black governments, while Rhodesia's rulers remain predominantly white. Rumors of an impending declaration have sprung up and died down; the premier, Ian Smith, still hesitates. Carnage in the Congo has not encouraged white Rhodesians to press on towards a one-man-one-vote Utopia and an all-African government. A unilateral declaration could spark off a widespread anti-white campaign and bring about economic disaster; but if Rhodesia's whites give in to world pressure they will dig their own graves as certainly as have the white settlers in Kenya.

Then, there is the future of the Portuguese. Despite all the freedom fighters sent down from the Congo, and the Algerian-trained guerrillas; despite the efforts of the OAU's Committee of Liberation, the Portuguese have, at least for the time being, suppressed the three-year-old rebellion in Angola. Flames put down on one side of the continent have, however, sprung up on the other, in Mozambique. Here freedom fighters trained in Communist-run camps in Tanzania, reinforced by comrades from Algeria, have begun to bring to primitive native villages the familiar blessings of liberation—burnt huts, sabotaged crops and livestock, massacred families. The principal rebel leader, Eduardo Mondlane (who once taught at Syracuse University and acquired an American wife), is said to be closely aligned with Peking and to be receiving aid and arms from China, Czechoslovakia and East Germany.

Portugal?

Can Portugal repeat on the eastern side the military success achieved on the western? And how long will that victory stick? Will the revolt become a bleeding sore to drain away the strength of a peasant country with only eight million inhabitants? Is Portugal ready and able to withstand a growing and relentless pressure from the Afro-Asians, and a world opinion increasingly hostile to any form of European intervention anywhere in Africa, other than in the supply of alms, not arms? Such are the questions for 1965.

Whether the Africans like it or not—and, naturally, most do not—the answers will be determined mainly outside Africa. Portuguese success or failure in containing the rebellion will depend on how much effective help the rebels get from Communist countries, and on how far the United States is prepared to go in appeasing that vague but potent force, world opinion.

The future of South Africa hangs largely on decisions reached by the

(Continued on p. 121)

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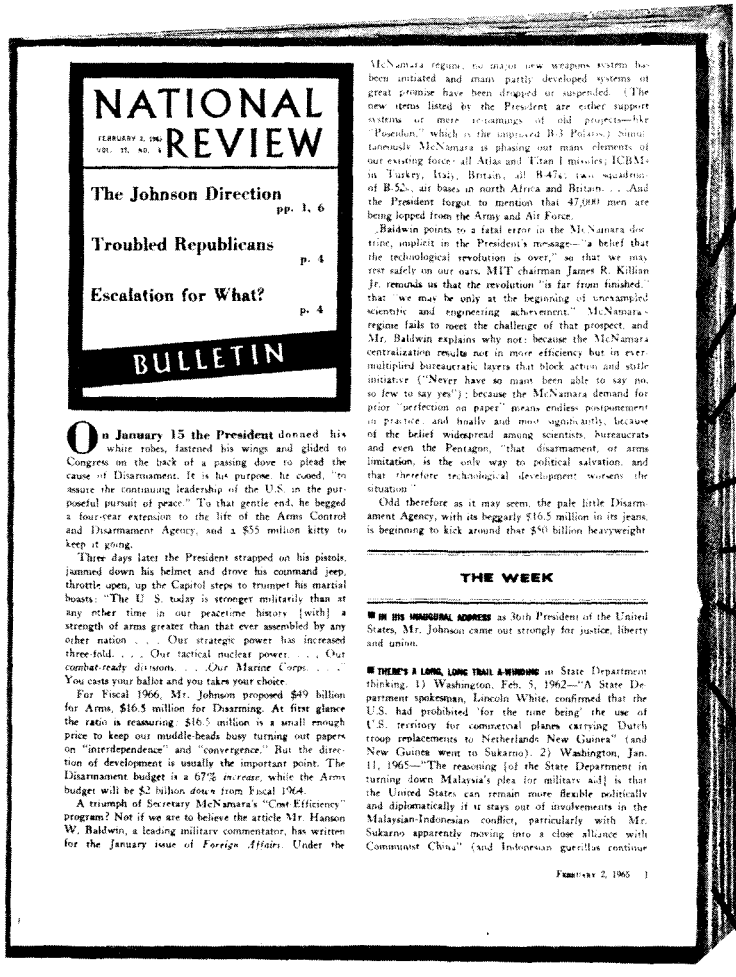

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BULLETIN

On January 15 the President donned his white robes, fastened his wings and glided to Congress on the back of a passing dove to plead the cause of Disarmament. It is his purpose, he cooed, "to assure the continuing leadership of the U.S. in the purposeful pursuit of peace." To that gentle end, he begged a four-year extension to the life of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, and a $55 million kitty to keep it going.

Three days later the President strapped on his pistols, jammed down his helmet and drove his command jeep, throttle open, up the Capitol steps to trumpet his martial boasts: "The U. S. today is stronger militarily than at any other time in our peacetime history [with] a strength of arms greater than that ever assembled by any other nation . . . Our strategic power has increased three-fold. . . . Our tactical nuclear power. . . . Our combat-ready divisions. . . . Our Marine Corps. . . . You casts your ballot and you take your choice."

For Fiscal 1966, Mr. Johnson proposed $49 billion for Arms, $16.5 million for Disarming. At first glance the ratio is reassuring. $16.5 million is a small enough price to keep our muddle-heads busy turning out papers on "interdependence" and "convergence." But the direction of development is usually the important point. The Disarmament budget is a 67% *increase*, while the Arms budget will be $2 billion *down* from Fiscal 1964.

A triumph of Secretary McNamara's "Cost Efficiency" program? Not if we are to believe the article Mr. Hanson W. Baldwin, a leading military commentator, has written for the January issue of *Foreign Affairs*. Under the McNamara regime, no major new weapons system has been initiated and many partly developed systems of great promise have been dropped or suspended. (The new items listed by the President are either support systems or mere revampings of old projects—like "Poseidon," which is the improved B-3 Polaris.) Simultaneously McNamara is phasing out many elements of our existing force: all Atlas and Titan I missiles; ICBMs in Turkey, Italy, Britain; all B-47s; two squadrons of B-52s; air bases in north Africa and Britain. . . . And the President forgot to mention that 47,000 men are being lopped from the Army and Air Force.

Baldwin points to a fatal error in the McNamara doctrine, implicit in the President's message—"a belief that the technological revolution is over," so that we may rest safely on our oars. MIT chairman James R. Killian Jr. reminds us that the revolution "is far from finished," that "we may be only at the beginning of unexampled scientific and engineering achievement." McNamara's regime fails to meet the challenge of that prospect, and Mr. Baldwin explains why not: because the McNamara centralization results not in more efficiency but in ever-multiplied bureaucratic layers that block action and stifle initiative ("Never have so many been able to say no, so few to say yes!"); because the McNamara demand for prior "perfection on paper" means endless postponement in practice, and finally and most significantly, because of the belief widespread among scientists, bureaucrats and even the Pentagon, "that disarmament, or arms limitation, is the only way to political salvation, and that therefore technological development worsens the situation."

Odd therefore as it may seem, the pale little Disarmament Agency, with its beggarly $16.5 million in its jeans, is beginning to kick around that $80 billion heavyweight

THE WEEK

■ IN HIS INAUGURAL ADDRESS as 36th President of the United States, Mr. Johnson came out strongly for justice, liberty and union.

■ THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL A-WINDING in State Department thinking. 1) Washington, Feb. 5, 1962—"A State Department spokesman, Lincoln White, confirmed that the U.S. had prohibited 'for the time being' the use of U.S. territory for commercial planes carrying Dutch troop replacements to Netherlands New Guinea" (and New Guinea went to Sukarno). 2) Washington, Jan. 11, 1965—"The reasoning [of the State Department in turning down Malaysia's plea for military aid] is that the United States can remain more flexible politically and diplomatically if it stays out of involvements in the Malaysian-Indonesian conflict, particularly with Mr. Sukarno apparently moving into a close alliance with Communist China." (And Indonesian guerillas continue

February 2, 1965 1

1. THE WEEK:
A compact listing of the week's most significant news items—many "overlooked" in the nation's press;

2. ON THE LEFT:
A regular report on what the Left is up to, including private reports from authoritative sources here and abroad;

3. CAPITAL BULLETIN:
A provocative report by "Quincy," pseudonym for a top Washington correspondent who knows his way around the inner circles of government —that's why his news beats often appear as headline stories *weeks* after you've read them in the BULLETIN;

4. WHAT'S AHEAD:
A new feature that tells you what to look for in—and behind—current trends;

5. PEOPLE:
The column many BULLETIN readers turn to first. It's not afraid to name names or focus on famous people, often reports items that you won't find in the press or newsmagazines;

6. AT HOME:
A regular column by M. Stanton Evans, brilliant young editor of the Indianapolis *News*, who is fast becoming one of the nation's most perceptive political analysts. Time after time, he'll surprise you with his in-depth reporting of the most controversial issues;

7. ABROAD:
This unique survey of the foreign scene is compiled from the most important overseas publications plus confidential reports from on-the-spot observers in key trouble spots the world over. You'll especially enjoy its panoramic view, and the concentration on important happenings that go unreported here.

8. BUSINESS:
Not a stock-market "dopesheet," but a comprehensive and fascinating column of significant business and financial news that will interest the layman as well as the expert. Editor Donald Waterford specializes in analyzing business trends that will have widespread effects throughout the economy. (For example, his recent report showing that automation is causing many businesses to lower the retirement age was widely quoted in the press.)

IMPORTANT

The BULLETIN is available by subscription only; however, if you pick up your National Review from a newsstand, or are reading a friend's copy, you are eligible to use the card. Just be sure to check the "New" box at the lower left of the card. And if someone beat you to the card, just write direct to Mr. Patrick J. Gorman, c/o National Review, 150 East 35 St., New York, New York 10016. He'll see to it that your subscription is entered at this money-saving rate (13 issues for only $3.39) and we'll bill you later.

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Hate America

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

ON THE RIGHT

America's astonishing inability to get up on its hind legs and fight back for itself and the best it represents is a matter of much concern to the keenest of our political critics these days —James Burnham, for instance, who asks why in the name of Heaven we sit still in the United Nations and allow the neo-barbarians to throw spitballs at us; Arthur Krock, who asks why all over the world our flag and our cause are despised; Dean Acheson, whose speech at Amherst College questions the very sanity of our foreign policy; Joseph Alsop, who warns that what is about to happen in South Vietnam is worse than anything that ever happened to us in the history of American foreign policy; William Randolph Hearst Jr., who agrees that a fateful moment has come in international affairs, when the United States must rise from its stupor or——. And so it goes.

Buckley

Our paralysis abroad is a reflection of our philosophical and cultural malaise, one of the most recent exhibitions of which has been challenged, marvel to behold, in an adamantly left-wing literary journal, the *New York Review of Books*. The critic, Mr. Robert Brustein, is a greatly talented professor of dramatic literature at Columbia University and he lets loose, in a recent issue, at what he labels the "Pop Liberalism" of Richard Avedon and James Baldwin. The gentlemen in question have recently published a gaudy non-book called *Nothing Personal* which their sycophants will pick up and read to confirm their melancholy suspicions that America, sigh, is not really worth saving.

The technique, as described by Mr. Brustein, is as follows. Mr. Avedon, who earns a copious living by snapping effusive photographs of social celebrities for *Harper's Bazaar*, apparently decided to establish his artistic integrity by turning the prism of his camera inside out and taking gruesome close-ups of every important American in sight. And to provide a suitable text for his Hate-America album he bought the services of the Number One America-hater, James Baldwin. The text relies for its appeal not on any freshness of disapproval —Baldwin is now vouchsafed for a *prix fixe* every weekday and twice on Saturday—but on the flash recognition of Mr. Baldwin's name as a social critic who can really belt out a protest, never disappointing his audience.

Mr. Avedon's technique is savagely simple. Take an expert photographer and let him pore over his subject over a period of time, and he is guaranteed to come up with a grotesque photograph. Ten years ago Edward R. Murrow produced his famous documentary on Senator Joe McCarthy, which began with a pictorial representation of a medium-to-large-sized belch. At the time, the *New Yorker* Magazine commented that this was hardly fair journalism, that after all the belch is, as far as most people are concerned, an uncontrollable biological effusion; and that therefore any TV or movie camera fastened on any subject over a long enough period of time is almost bound to come up with a belch, whether the subject is Joe McCarthy or St. Francis of Assisi.

Thus Avedon photographs to produce negatives. And the Americans we see are, in Mr. Brustein's description, men and women of "nauseating dewlaps, shriveled lips, furrowed brows, carrion flesh, bad teeth, pockmarks, pores, double chins, pimples, or any similar evidence of a malevolent, deteriorating spirit."

And the text is admirably suited. James Baldwin is there, "interrupting from time to time, like a punchy and pugnacious drunk awakening from a boozy doze during a stag movie, to introduce his garrulous, irrelevant, and by now predictable comments on how to live, how to love, and how to build Jerusalem."

Our Paralysis Abroad

It is a sign that such a journal as the *New York Review* published the criticism of the honorable Mr. Brustein. But the majority on the Left pursue their derogations of this country, and it is at root this lack of confidence in America, this lack of love for America, that is the cause of our paralysis abroad. We do not feel we can effectively reprimand the savages in Africa ("What about the Negro situation in the South?"), or interfere with the imperialists in Indonesia ("What about our own history of colonialism?"), or defy the Soviet Union ("Risk a war? For America? For AT&T and Coca-Cola?"). I have always believed that the mental and spiritual health of the average American is far better that that of the American intellectual who spends his life disdaining his fellow countrymen. But I do not doubt that the poison diffuses from our poets to our centurions: that Lyndon Johnson, who would himself go for broke for this country, does not realize that he is under the influence of men whose ardor for America is no more kindleable than a misogynist's for the Venus de Milo. We are paying the price, in our foreign policy, for years of attrition against an honorable American self-pride.

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Churchill: A Profile in Greatness

There may always be an England, but it's doubtful it will ever give birth again to such a man as this: a last tribute to Sir Winston from a fellow journalist

COLM BROGAN

Winston Churchill's entry into the world was characteristic. He was born in the humble surroundings of a Ladies' Cloak Room, but the Cloak Room was in a Palace. He was also born prematurely, an omen of the impetuosity that was to mark his whole life.

To be a cadet member of a great British family is not the happiest of fates. Winston Churchill inherited the luster of the family name, but precious little else. He was at home in the daunting splendors of Blenheim, but it was never his. (Blenheim was built by Vanbrugh, the dramatist who suffered much harassment from Sarah, the avaricious first Duchess, to whom he referred frequently and with feeling as "the bitch.")

Churchill's father had a brilliant political career until he made the fatal mistake of offering his resignation as Chancellor of the Exchequer in the belief that he was irreplaceable. He was replaced. Winston idolized his father and was stricken by his early death. He wrote a very readable biography which brought him his first solid lump sum.

At Harrow

His academic non-success at Harrow has become legendary, and educationists have held him up as the prime instance of the late developer. But young Churchill was recognized from the start as a most exceptional boy whose talents were none the less real for being extremely unorthodox. The admiration was not reciprocated. He did not like Harrow and never at any time made any pretense that he had enjoyed his school days. He left school less than half educated and went into the Army where he had the experience of taking part in a cavalry charge. He became a highly paid war correspondent, was taken prisoner and made a dramatic escape which made him a popular hero and opened the doors of Parliament. Never much of a Party man, he roused furious anger and even hatred when he crossed the floor of the House to join the Liberals. Nor was he socially popular. He was believed to show an excessive preference for the company of the *nouveaux riches* at a time when Edward VII worked mightily to vulgarize Society.

However his talents were not to be gainsaid and he became a national figure in the Campbell-Bannerman, Asquith Administration. The competition was severe, for Asquith's Cabinet was said to be the most brilliant in British history. It was commonly assumed that if peace were maintained, then Lloyd George would succeed Asquith, but that if war broke out that Churchill would follow. It was thought that the pro-Boer Lloyd George with marked pacifist leanings could not possibly have the will or the talent for warlike operations. Indeed, it was widely thought that he would resign rather than agree to a declaration of war. Expectations have seldom been so completely falsified. It was the physically cowardly Lloyd George who became the ferocious fire-eater and apostle of "the knockout blow" and Churchill, the hero, who was cast into the shadows.

He acquired a reputation that was to dog him for many a year. It was a reputation for daring design and faulty execution. He sent the Marines into Antwerp only to find them forced across the Dutch frontier to spend the war tamely in internment. He was blamed even more severely for the failure of the Gallipoli expedition, perhaps not altogether fairly. The operation was mishandled on the spot, the advantage of surprise was thrown away and some of the first troops to land showed a certain lack of enthusiasm for combat. It has been argued that if the Churchill design had been fully carried out Gallipoli might have been a brilliant and rapid success, but it can also be argued that once Churchill knew that his design would not be fully carried out, he should have called the whole thing off. Fairly or unfairly, he was severely damaged. He dropped from the government and served for some months as a fighting soldier on the Western Front. It was said that he conceived an ingenious scheme for flooding the enemy trenches opposite, but owing to some technical misadventure flooded his own trenches instead. True or false, the story showed the popular notion of the man.

The war ended leaving Churchill as the man who had missed his great opportunity, and worse was to come. In 1922 he lost his seat in Parliament, being rejected by the voters of Dundee. He had made an enemy of a most remarkable man, D. C. Thomson —a local newspaper magnate, a man who never forgot a slight, or ever employed a Catholic. Anyone who

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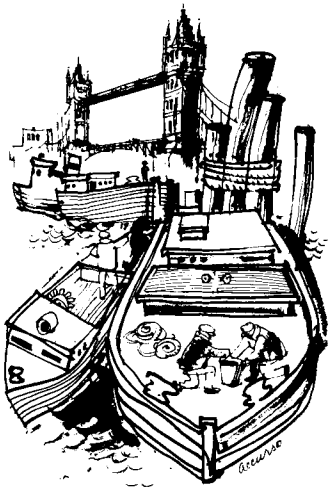
offended him ceased to exist so far as the Thomson newspapers were concerned. If a solicitor offended him, his name was deleted even from legal notices and advertisements. Churchill got the silent treatment. Even in the Second World War when his name filled all the world, it never appeared in a Thomson newspaper; he was always referred to as the Prime Minister.

Unseated in Dundee

But Churchill had another enemy of a very different kind in those days, and that was Beaverbrook who was to become his closest friend and most faithful admirer. Through all his changes of Party, Churchill remained staunch in his advocacy of Free Trade. Beaverbrook decided that this dangerous anti-imperial anarchist must be unseated. In those days Dundee was a double-member constituency, in which the Tories put up one candidate and the Liberals another. Beaverbrook put an end to this cozy carve-up by putting up the money for a second Tory candidate. He failed to win election, but he pulled the rug from under Churchill and secured the election of a lay preacher, a Prohibitionist called Scrymgeour who was hilariously supported by every boozer in Dundee.



To be beaten by anyone was bad, to be beaten by Scrymgeour was dire humiliation. I don't know if Churchill ever forgave Dundee, but Dundee certainly did not forgive Churchill. When every town in Britain was competing to shower honors on the great war leader, Dundee remained coldly indifferent. When D. C. Thomson put his hand to the knife, he never took the knife out again.

Between the wars Churchill held only one government post, the Exchequer, where he was far from being a success, but he did himself still further damage by the gusto with which he fought the General Strike of 1926. This confirmed his reputation as an enemy of the working class, which was pretty unfair on a man who had worked so hard and enthusiastically for social reform. (His tenure of the Home Office and his care for prison conditions guaranteed him the vote of every old lag in the country.)

After he left the Exchequer his descent continued. His stubborn fight against Indian self-government infuriated the progressives and his repeated warnings on the German menace infuriated nearly everybody. The mass of the British people liked to believe that if they refused to think about Hitler he would go away and stop bothering them. Churchill was in serious danger of being rejected by his own constituency. In a valiant effort to save him the ignominy of rejection, the constituency chairman brought in F. E. Smith, Lord Birkenhead, one of the most brilliant men in the country, to speak in his behalf. Freddie Smith had a taste for alcohol that fully entitled him to the franchise of Dundee. Knowing this, the younger spirits of the association thought that it would be a good idea to ask him out for an hour before the meeting was scheduled to begin and warm the cockles of his heart with cordial liquors. But Freddie had already done a tidy bit of cockle-warming before he set out from London, and the extra load he took on brought him perilously near the Plimsoll Line. He announced from the platform that he would speak for 55 minutes, no more and no less. He stared at the clock at the end of the hall and then took out his own watch to compare times. He put the watch on the table and took out his handkerchief, his keys and his money. Taking out the watch had started a chain reaction, and the chairman told me long afterwards, "If I hadn't grabbed his coat tails, he would have started taking off his trousers next." Freddie filled in his 55 minutes with a speech of impeccable logic and impeccable grammar, but I doubt if it did Winston much good.

Churchill's fortunes sank so low that he had to be vehemently dissuaded from quitting politics altogether and devoting his whole time

to writing. Then came the war and the rest is history.

It would be presumptuous for me to attempt to assess his part in the ultimate victory. His strategic conduct of the war has been stoutly defended and bitterly attacked. His admirers do him no favor by claiming that it was his lion voice and lion bearing alone that roused Britain in 1940 and averted an ignominious compromise peace. That there were weaklings and fainthearts is not to be denied. Some of the names might surprise you. Nevertheless, the mass of the British people had no thought of surrender and they did not even consider defeat. What Churchill did was to give matchlessly eloquent expression to the roused instincts of a people at bay.

Wartime Triumvirate

His part in the war settlement, if it can be so called, has roused even more severe criticism. Perhaps at the time some of us did not give sufficient understanding to his crippling difficulties. Among the triumvirate of himself, Roosevelt and Stalin he was at least the match of Antony or Octavius, but in command of power he was Lepidus, and he found Roosevelt, the leader of the other free power, ganging up with the slavemaster

(Continued on p. 121)

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Intelligence or Prejudice?

Some Letters and a Reply

In the December 1, 1964 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, *Ernest van den Haag subjected to professional scrutiny some of the key assumptions of integration theorists about race and intelligence. Among the questions which Professor van den Haag, a sociologist and psychoanalyst, asked himself were: What has science to say about Negro intelligence? What role does environment play in shaping learning ability? How valid are classroom arrangements, integrated or segregated, made on the basis of color? We publish below excepts from a voluminous readers' response to the article, together with a reply by the author.*

I am baffled by the suggestion that floats up out of the murk in that peculiar set of questions and answers entitled "Intelligence or Prejudice?" by Ernest van den Haag.

In 1954, allow me to remind you, the Supreme Court finally quit dodging and conceded that it is not lawful to discriminate on the basis of race in the administration of tax-paid educational services. This would seem a reasonable finding, since neither the collection of taxes nor the general enforcement of law, nor, most especially, the obligation to die in the service of the state, are set up on a premise of race for citizens.

Surely you will agree there is such an aspect to citizenship, or I should say, to one's obligation in citizenship, as a sense of appropriate ethics. For all your niggling and hedging and clever elaborations of subsidiary issues do not conceal the appalling evidence that you are carrying, within, some reservations of heart and of mind as to the right of Negroes to use our citizenship in common as other citizens assume to do.

Washington, D.C. FRANK C. WALDROP

It is unthinkable that the magazine supposedly devoted to expressing the philosophy of national conservatism should at this time print an article like "Intelligence or Prejudice?" by Ernest van den Haag. We have just suffered a major political blow which is partly attributed to Liberal exaggerations about conservative bigotry. Segregated education is defensible, if at all, because constitutionally education is the state's responsibility; defense of it for *any* other reason is immoral. I have always respected the policies and editors of NATIONAL REVIEW, but this one article degrades the conservative cause to such a degree that I am ashamed to subscribe to the magazine any longer.

W. Redding, Conn. MARY LOU TYLER

Q. Ernest van den Haag, an eminent sociologist, has interviewed an eminent sociologist about Negro intelligence. His questions and answers have been published under the title "Intelligence or Prejudice?" What do you think of it?

A. Well, Ernie van den Haag is a good man; at least he writes for NATIONAL REVIEW.

Q. And?

A. Having found a weak opponent in Henry Dyer, Professor van den Haag scores a quick knockout. But in his haste to challenge all comers the eminent sociologist takes a bad fall himself.

Q. Oh?

A. Yes. He devotes the bulk of his piece to a series of attempts at justifying his own predispositions with incomplete data and smug homilies.

Q. And he fails?

A. Utterly. His empty conjecture that "much" of the racial disparity in intelligence test results is a matter of inherent differences between Negroes and whites—a "common-sense guess" pried out of him by a relentless interlocutor—is an egregious example. For some reason, he relies solely upon limited twin studies for support and fails to mention literally dozens of investigations (available in Leona Tyler's noted work) which point to a different conclusion. Bear in mind that van den Haag's one-sided presentation is not directed toward refuting Dyer's arguments but is intended to demonstrate the objective basis of the Professor's guess.

He follows that sortie with the assertion that schools should be racially segregated. His "educational argument" for racial segregation is founded upon the sound opinion that pupils of like ability should be educated together, and the undisputed fact that Negroes as a group achieve lower intelligence test scores. Apparently, however, van den Haag has not read Leona Tyler's restatement of the well-known fact that the range of IQs among Negroes is as great as the range among whites. If, as van den Haag avers, separation of students by ability is desirable, this should be done without regard for the extraneous factor of race—although, of course, a racial imbalance might well result. It seems odd that a scientist would choose an arbitrary, less precise method of selection.

Philadelphia, Pa. BARRY E. MILLER

The article by Ernest van den Haag in your issue of December 1, on the alleged "genetic" inferiority of Negroes, astounds me. Although claiming to be "scientific," and strongly attacking those holding opposing opinions as being "unscientific," the author of the article seems to me to be about as scientific as were Herren Rosenberg and Streicher a quarter of a century ago.

Allow me to note a few reasons for this perhaps strong assessment of Dr. van den Haag's efforts:

1) In his whole discussion, particularly in his comparisons of the American Negroes and the Africans, he entirely overlooks one simple fact about the American Negro: he is not by any means of 100 per cent African descent, but in his considerable majority is a mulatto. It would seem to follow from this that if there is an innate intellectual superiority in people of European descent, that some of it should have worn off on the American Negro.

2) In discussing comparative cultural achievements of Africans "in native habitat" and other racial groups in theirs, the writer says, "It seems entirely possible that the differential performance of culture must be explained, in part, by differential genetic distribution of aptitudes."

This statement raises very interesting questions. For example, about what period in historical time is Dr.

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van den Haag talking? If he is discussing roughly the period between 4,000 B.C. and a few centuries before the Christian Era, when the Egyptian civilization was at its height, his conclusions must be rather dismal for the Europeans. The ancient Egyptians —if one is to judge from their paintings and from the appearance of their present-day Coptic descendants—were mulattoes, perhaps not unlike "light" American Negroes. Yet, they had a high degree of civilization when your ancestors and mine were wearing skins and living in caves. Following Dr. van den Haag's analysis, they were presumably "genetically" superior to our ancestors at that time. When, pray, did the "genetic" intelligence of our forebears pass that of the Egyptians? And how did it come to do so? Or, to take another case, were the Germanic peoples of "genetically" inferior intelligence to those bordering the Mediterranean before roughly 476 A.D., and thereafter become "genetically" superior? Please, Dr. van den Haag!

ROBERT J. ALEXANDER
New Brunswick, N.J. Rutgers University

Professor Ernest van den Haag's eminently sensible analysis has cast a lonely and refreshing glow that shames the murky non-think of the Ideologues. But his contention that

"Negroes and whites should be educated separately—unless there is evidence in specific cases that the learning of neither group suffers from congregation and that neither group objects" seems uncomfortably vague. By all means separate students according to ability. But should there be in the lower grades a sweeping and deliberate separation according to race—simply because one race "on the average" is less responsive? I think not. I say desegregate—and the sooner the better.

Santa Clara, Calif. JOHN DUNLAP

A Reply

Separation by color, I incidentally suggested, is educationally rational. My correspondents counter that classification should follow ability, not color. Since my point was that, at least for the present, color and ability are significantly correlated, there is no conflict; for most children the effect would be the same whether they are classified by color or ability, and segregation would continue. For the exceptions, I suggested that the ability criterion be used (stated conversely, its use would lead but to some exceptions), provided that psychological factors other than intelligence be given due weight: it would be cruel to sacrifice children to egalitarian ideologies. In short, I favor congregation or segregation according to ability, except when it is psychologically detrimental to the children concerned.

However, I also oppose *compulsory* (externally imposed) togetherness (or separateness), because it is likely to be detrimental, and because it is inconsistent with freedom of association, which should be maximized. Some of my correspondents, I suspect, would not agree with me on compulsion; but on the ability criterion there is no disagreement.

I favor individual over aggregate classifications; but, unlike my correspondents, I acknowledge that preliminary decisions have to be made by aggregate classifications. We classify by sex, age or, possibly, color, knowing by experience that, *on the average*, these are correlated to educationally significant characteristics. Of course, this does not exclude individual reclassification. (Many educators who now want to disregard all classificatory characteristics but intelligence, in the past disregarded intelligence altogether, and classified—*e.g.*, promoted—children by age group exclusively.)

Mr. Waldrop feels that separation is unlawful because it occurs in public, tax-supported institutions. Not so. Such separations—by sex, ability, curriculum, age — are common. The questions which I tried to answer are rather 1) whether the classifications are rational, and if not 2) whether they damage anyone, and if so 3) whether the Constitution prohibits merely compulsory segregation, or also enjoins compulsory congregation. The public status of schools raises, but does not answer these questions. Mrs. Tyler asseverates that my views are immoral but does not disclose why—which is uncharitable. While demonstrating that parody requires more than a good subject to be amusing, Mr. Miller states that the range of Negro IQs is as wide as the range of whites'. Right (almost). My point was that the distribution differs. There is nothing in Leona Tyler's text that points to conclusions other than those I quoted from it—wherefore Mr. Miller could not support his contrary assertion by quoting her.

Mr. Alexander states correctly that American Negroes are not pure. (On the average the admixture of white genes is about 30 per cent.) If there is a genetic difference between white and Negro intelligence, the admixture suggests that American Negroes are likely to be smarter than African Negroes though less intelligent than whites, *i.e.*, the matter is irrelevant to my point. Mr. Alexander merely proved that modification of gene pools modifies gene pools, a conclusion which — outside New Brunswick — won't surprise anyone. I was discussing what we know and don't know about the present gene pool of Americans socially classified as Negroes. The Ethiopian ruling class is largely Semitic; the ruled, Negro and Egyptians, are not mulattoes; their intelligence anyway would be irrelevant to that of American Negroes. I did not explain history in genetic terms. I explicitly disavowed this view, which Mr. Alexander attributes to me nonetheless — though certainly gene pools shape history *to some extent*, and are shaped by it *to some extent*.

I stated that gene pools can be modified historically — though not, certainly, by education. Not even a Ph.D. modifies genetic factors—*exemplum docet:* Mr. Alexander's is not only the most misinformed and irrelevant, but also the most bad-mannered letter received. His attempt to make me a Nazi by free association is ritual for Communists. Yet although he establishes his qualifications *ad nauseam*, Mr. Alexander is (I presume) not a Communist.

New York, N.Y. ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

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Principles and Heresies

Richard Cornuelle and the Third Sector

FRANK S. MEYER

One of the most difficult problems facing conservatives in developing and articulating a more concrete program than we have hitherto presented to the American people is the continuing challenge to be "positive." This would be a challenge easy enough to answer if we were prepared, like the Liberals, to use the massive power of the state to enforce a program of fiat and taxation in order to solve any difficulty, real or imagined, in the society. But conservatives have a commitment to preserve the freedom of individual persons by limiting governmental power, and they cannot play fast and loose with that commitment in order to achieve a dubious solution at the expense of a free constitutional political order. But the preservation of the framework of a free constitutional government never has the human appeal of the cry to solve immediate and obvious social problems.

Meyer

Yet, although the defense of freedom has to be given the first priority in a time like ours, when collectivisms of various degrees of virulence press upon us from within and from without, the question remains as to how real human needs can be met without traversing those principles. Nor is this done by asserting that, given time, the free society will meet such needs automatically. Conservatives are not social Darwinians. Nor do they share with the collectivists a Utopian arrogance towards human beings, if only an abstract ideological pattern can be imposed.

Fundamentally, conservatives have a way out of this dilemma, but the statement of it has been largely general and dry. That way out does assume that, in the long run, a free polity and a free economy will solve, to the degree they are soluble, the problems of human welfare. But it goes further; it posits that immediately, for the living problems around us, the solution can and should come (if government aggrandizement and tyranny are to be inhibited) from the responsible action of individuals and groups of individuals. The difficulty of implementing this solution is that the increasing impersonalism of modern society makes the personal relationships between those who need help and those who want to help them very hard to achieve. It was that face-to-face relationship which formed the foundation of the noble virtue of charity in simpler days. To achieve this virtue today, however, requires more complex effort — an effort to which conservatives, with a few exceptions, have not sufficiently directed their attention. This is understandable when one considers the tremendous drain on energy and imagination required to work to hold back the Liberal-inspired decay of the fundamental structure of society.

Among the few who have concerned themselves with creating a positive program for the meeting of human needs by voluntary action is Richard C. Cornuelle, Director of the Foundation for Voluntary Welfare. A number of years ago, in a series of discussions, he raised the question I have been outlining here. It had long troubled him, and he was then groping towards a way of dealing with it.

His analysis distinguished three sectors of human activity: the "public," concerned with power and the limitation of power—the province of politics; the "private," concerned with production, profit, the achievement of personal economic well-being — the province of economics; and the sector of what he called "service" — the province of the problems I have been discussing. He stressed that from a conservative and libertarian point of view the principles underlying what had to be done in the "public" and "private" sectors, to create a good society, were known, and that the techniques of achieving those principles were being consciously developed. It was his point, however, that in the third sector—the "independent sector," as he also called it—neither principles of action nor techniques for directing altruistic energy in a complex age had been developed.

During the past half dozen years he has set himself to the closing of this gap. His efforts have not been theoretical alone, or even primarily theoretical (although his book, *Reclaiming the American Dream,* shortly to appear, will deal with his over-all concept). A few years ago he founded the Foundation for Voluntary Welfare and proceeded through it to carry out his ideas in practice. The most successful of his projects so far has been the United Student Aid Fund which, with the help of bankers, businessmen and administrators, has been able to pre-empt a large part of the area of loans to students that would otherwise have become an additional activity of expanding government. His next project is to take Marion County, Indiana, as a pilot community, and there to enlist all available private resources in an attempt to eliminate hard-core unemployment in that county.

There are numerous fields in which his technique can take hold and add a dimension of the greatest importance to the struggle to reclaim a free America founded on voluntary effort. Mr. Cornuelle's ideas are catching on —to such a degree, indeed, that *Look* Magazine devoted a feature article to them. But the author of that article, Mr. T. George Harris, missed the point. He presented Mr. Cornuelle's efforts as an alternative to conservative political action, using them as a foil to attack the American conservative movement and the central ideas of conservatism. What he did not or would not understand was that the concepts of Richard Cornuelle could not live in an atmosphere dominated by Liberal statism, that they depend for their viability on a society of free economy and limited government. They do not rival, rather, they complement conservative political action. They add a necessary dimension to the conservative endeavor.

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The Third World War

The McNamara Line

JAMES BURNHAM

Foreign Affairs, quarterly journal of the Council on Foreign Relations, prints in its January issue a convincing study by Hanson W. Baldwin of the McNamara regime in the Defense Department. Mr. Baldwin recognizes Secretary McNamara's extraordinary personal abilities — his "computer mind," his fantastic talent for "absorbing and recording immense quantities of detailed data" and his "ferocious energy." Under McNamara's rule, the Pentagon "has certainly instituted some much-needed management reforms, effected some economies and added considerably to our ready strategic strength and our conventional war and general support forces." But the pluses are heavily outweighed.

Under McNamara, Mr. Baldwin shows, the defense establishment has become more sluggish, awkward and monstrously bureaucratized. The development of major new weapons systems has come virtually to a standstill, or even shifted into reverse ("The Pentagon in recent years . . . has probably canceled more development contracts than it has initiated new ones"). These are consequences not of incidental mistakes but of the basic ideas and administrative procedures of the McNamara regime.

Wishing to cut the waste resulting from the independent, competitive procurement and development practices of the separate services, McNamara has carried out a ruthless program of centralization. But in practice this merely adds formidable new bureaucratic layers to structures already staggering under bureaucratic overload. "A fourth service—Office of the Secretary of Defense—has been built up as an all-powerful apex." Today there are thirty "Deputy Assistant Secretaries of Defense" as against eleven just two years ago. The staff of the Joint Chiefs (the brass only, not including clerical and support personnel), though limited by law to 400, has expanded to 1,570 by an extra-legal evasion. The number of signatures that must go on a contract has tripled: "Never in the history of competition have so many been able to say no, so few to say yes." It takes an average of a year to "finalize" a contract *after* all procurement details and an acceptable price have been agreed on. The average time span from idea to operational product is a decade or more. Creative initiative is stifled at working levels.

Requirement of Perfection

Before going ahead with a new idea, the McNamara system insists that it must be justified in terms of a clear, specific military requirement. But when, as in aerospace research and development, creative originality is in question, it is absurd to try to define exact "requirements." Who knows exactly what may turn up, or what someone may think of doing with it? This "requirement" requirement condemns in advance the most creative projects, excludes breakthroughs by definition, and is also responsible for many of the cancellations (of Dynasoar, nuclear engines, space platforms, etc.).

Another McNamara rule aims to cut down the waste of duplication and abortive projects by achieving "perfection on paper" before starting actual development. This is a kind of computer-fetishism. A complicated enterprise never goes in real life as anticipated on paper. The excessive paperwork slows down or vetoes the startup; and remains as an inhibiting control if the project gets going.

Two further ideas incorporated in, or accepted by, the McNamara system smother new weapons development: first, the "belief that the technological revolution is over"; and second, the "belief expressed by many scientists . . . that disarmament, or arms limitation, is the only way to political salvation, and that therefore continued technological military development worsens the situation." The latter belief explains the increased stress President Johnson is putting on the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. The first was present in Mr. Johnson's statement, in his Defense Message, of "two main reasons for this leveling-off of defense expenditures: first, we have achieved many of the needed changes and increases in our military force structure [and second,] we are not likely to require further increments on so large a scale during the next several years."

McNamara's own distinctive ideas, whether right or wrong, are administrative rather than strategic. Logically underlying his administrative system and conduct, however, there is a strategic conception. In simplest terms: *the nation's fundamental security is assured by possession, known to the potential enemy, of an invulnerable second-strike nuclear force.* In strategic principle, this conception is exactly that of a Maginot Line. Like the Maginot Line, any Maginot Line, McNamara's second-strike force is purely defensive and static—it can be "achieved"; and after it has been achieved, we can relax in strategic safety while dealing with minor disturbances.

What Happens to Lines

History, though, and the unending struggle for power that is of its essence, is dynamic, not static. The reply to a Maginot Line—a Chinese Wall—is, invariably, to outflank it: it is the destiny of a Maginot Line to be outflanked; it *exists* to be outflanked. The surfeited Have-nation devotes the major part of its strategic energies, funds and brains to the perfecting of the Wall. Why should the enemy be so obliging and so stupid as to beat *his* brains and blood out pounding the Wall? Naturally he turns or outflanks it — sends his armor roaring through Flanders around its open end.

The Wehrmacht used tanks for its outflanking maneuver. The Communist enterprise uses political and revolutionary warfare. And it is not tomorrow but today that McNamara's massive multi-billion-dollar Line of super-missiles is being outflanked and turned in Southeast Asia, Cuba, the Congo, Italy and (let us not forget) Washington.

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The Giraffe in Piazza del Popolo

An Epic account of the Epic efforts that go into filming The Epic of Epics: Dino De Laurentiis' story of the Bible. To read Mr. Sage's account is to weep — for joy

TOM SAGE

The phone rang. "Bill? *Bill!* How *are* you? As if I really cared, ha-ha!" It was Dino de Laurentiis' press agent. "You're coming to Piazza del Popolo today." It was more an order than an invitation. "We're having the giraffe blessed. By a cardinal."

That was a long, long time ago. I don't think the giraffe ever did get blessed, but the monstrous film project it was helping to publicize has been in my hair ever since.

It was in June 1961 that Dino De Laurentiis, Europe's biggest film tycoon, unveiled his brainchild: a movie of *The Bible,* costing $42 million (more than Cleopatra), with four top directors, running for ten hours. Under contract would be Welles, Bresson, Fellini, Visconti, Stravinsky, Olivier, Callas, Brando, to name a few.

The Spark of Creation

Three years and some burnt fingers later a more modest project has got under way. It will cost around $13 million, last three and a half hours and have one director, John Huston. They say Stravinsky is still writing some music, but after years of giving De Laurentiis free publicity some newspapers prefer to wait until he brings it along and plays.

De Laurentiis ran into the worst Italian film crisis since the end of the war. Alarmed by rocketing inflation, Hollywood-on-the-Tiber packed up and went to cheaper Spain, or even cheaper Yugoslavia. Many big Italian companies went out of business. De Laurentiis was a survivor, and his *Bible* exists today thanks chiefly to the publicity sent up like a cloud of gas, into which he finally persuaded Swiss banks to inject cash, and spark the Creation.

It was an admirable performance, and meeting him today, hard-boiled, vital, controlled, one appreciates the contempt with which he appears to regard the Press. Never has so much been written by so many about so little.

The giraffe in Piazza del Popolo was only a drop in the sea of gimmicks and "sensations" which have poured from the De Laurentiis publicity department over the crisis years.

First was the riddle of the four directors. Orson Welles, who was to direct the Sodom and Gomorrah sequence, took sick, and the prefabricated ruins of Sodom, covered in grey, lava-like plastic spray, crumbled away on the slopes of Mt. Etna.

Then French director Robert Bresson, who was to take on the Creation, turned out to have evolutionary ideas. He wanted to go back to the amoeba, rather than Adam. He was out. So was Luchino Visconti, who said in a New York interview that he was only doing it for the money. Fellini wouldn't even do it for that.

After many vicissitudes John Huston agreed to take on the task. A search for an unknown Eve began. One suggestion came from a Texas Baptist minister: his wife, who was "blonde and very innocent." So a new stunt began: "Was Eve blonde or brunette?"

Huston's *Bible* is scripted by Christopher Fry, who also worked on *Ben-Hur.* The Creation will be a seven-minute montage of natural objects, which are now being photographed by Ernest Haas, a famous still photographer, who is using a cine-camera for the first time. Adam is Michael Parks, a 27-year-old American who appears on the Perry Mason show. Eve is Ulla Bergryd, a freckled Swedish anthropology student found by a talent scout in a Gothenburg museum. Rudolf Nureyev will play the Serpent. Peter O'Toole is God's messenger, who guides Lot from Sodom. Ava Gardner has the part of Sarah. There will be a Flood, a Tower of Babel (built in Sicily), and 166 animals in the Garden of Eden—possibly more, as they keep getting pregnant. They will go into the Ark two by two. There they will find Noah—played by Huston himself.

When shooting began recently I received a telegram: "DINO AND JOHN INVITE YOU TO MEET ADAM AND EVE.

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COCKTAILS." I drove the fifteen miles south of Rome to the big new De Laurentiis studios. Dino "as he is known to all" (handout) marched in briskly, talking as he came. Dino was small and Mephistophelian, with a voice like a drill. He smoked thin cheroots. Occasionally, in the course of a long speech, he brought his hands together tightly, as if crushing something live. His eyes, bright behind thick glasses, judged each questioner quickly, and sentenced him to oblivion. He talked about his film. A voice for God. The cost of a Serpent. While the audience grew, the chief publicity man, Lon, went round with handouts.

They were thirty pages long. "THE GREATEST ADVENTURE STORY," began page one, listing the episodes to be filmed from Genesis, "each one of which would make a classic motion picture in itself, but De Laurentiis is presenting all of them together." When all the spongy black chairs were taken, people stood in the aisles. Up front, squatting before the dais on which Dino sat, was a solid phalanx of fifty photographers—mostly *paparazzi,* the ruthless Via Veneto free-lances.

The Great Man

Huston was 45 minutes late. Anyone 6′ 4″ tall has presence, but Huston is something special. Smiling with polite blankness he sat down by Dino's side and stared away over the head of the mob with weary blue eyes, washed-out, like his denim jungle suit. His silver hair gleamed. His head, like a Roman bust badly eroded by time, was immobile. Flashbulbs popped and cameras whirred. Very slowly, Huston bowed his head until only the crown was visible, and stared at the formica table top as if at something very rare and fine.

Someone dared to ask: "Mr. Huston, how did the shooting go?"

Huston jerked his head up. "Fairly well." He gave the most beautiful smile ever seen. "We got one shot." He wanted to explain the problem of finding actors to play Adam and Eve. It was a question of ideals.

"Two people, without particular qualities of race, who could stand for all races. People who went together, who might even be related." (Huston declaims in epic cadences, rather than speaks.) "Every now and then, someone's shadow, cast on the screen, becomes greater than life. The man playing Adam was unknown to me. Yet when he was brought to my hotel room in California, I felt my hackles rise—as I might when shown a thoroughbred racehorse. He has qualities of greatness. And since we took him up, he's become one of the most sought-after actors in Hollywood."

Adam and Eve entered. He in a grey suit, she in a frilly black dress.

TV floodlights came on. Photographers heaved forward, taking the tables with them. The flashing was continuous. It was very hot.

"This girl who plays the part of Eve, Ulla, is a child still, a child in the process of becoming a woman. She has a spring-like quality. She is unspoiled. I want to tell you something that will give you an idea of her quality, because maybe she has no presence before a big group like this, she's never done it before. She still carries the knapsack she had when she was a Girl Guide." He paused. "She has never seen her own screen tests because we didn't want to make her conscious of them, but if I may say one thing more, I have; and when I saw those tests I heard overtones of Garbo, and Bergman. Here is a great talent." He turned, one hand held out. "Bring 'em on."

The photographers really let go. They stomped over Dino's leather chairs, over tape-recorders, over each other, over Dino, in a frantic mass effort to get the best shot of this week's meal ticket. "Eva!" "Ulla! U-la-la!" "This way!" "Smile, goddam it!" An armchair on which two *paparazzi* were standing tipped backwards, throwing them onto the lap of a toothy Englishman.

The girl stood, nervously, and gave a shy, freckled smile. Her red-gold hair and pale skin, haloed by spotlights, gave her a kind of iridescence. Cameras buzzed and snapped inches from her nose. When a kind of order was restored people asked questions.

"Do you like apples?"

"Yes, but I prefer ice-cream."

There were a lot of questions about nudity. It was revealed that on windy days the tips of Eve's wig would be glued to her chest. After this had been going on for half an hour, Huston's absence was noticed. He could be seen on the terrace, helping himself to a drink at the long buffet.

Soon 500 people were trying to follow him through one small door. Outside, the whole performance started over again. Someone was talking of an expensive, mysterious process which gave the Garden of Eden a golden glow. "He means we put vaseline on the lens," said Huston, swimming vaguely away through the crowd. Someone else asked if he believed in God.

The Creation of Myths

"I am not religious about God. But I am religious about the Bible as literature." He made it sound like an epigram. Ulla Bergryd and Michael Parks were also discovered to be agnostic. "Never mind," said the American woman who had asked. "I expect Fry is religious about God." Managers now appeared. Adam's was bald, pink-eyed and jowly, and he quickly separated his protégé from a tall woman in a black turban whom he seemed to be about to insult. Eve, pinned in a corner, fluttered her hands. Huston backed away from the photographers who encircled him, like the hero of some old Hollywood swordfight epic, keeping twenty castle guards at bay simultaneously.

"The Abraham story is pure Western," said one of the publicity men. "Don't think it's going to be an altogether intellectual film. The battle scenes will be enormous."

For twenty minutes everyone talked at once, loudly, and no one listened. The table of food and drink vanished as if attacked by barracudas. The waiters began to pack away the silver bowls of scarlet carnations, for use tomorrow, even before it was gone. The birth of a film, the expenditure of $13 million, the creation, perhaps, of two new myths, two larger-than-life shadows, had been celebrated.

It was dark in the car park and a little cooler, with a breeze from the sea carrying reporters' voices.

" . . . Complete waste of time."

"Never do anything with the girl, unless she gets pregnant before it's over, or something."

"*He* might hit someone."

The expensive cars roar off through the darkness towards predatory, sensual, frenetic Rome, trailing banners of dust.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Man's Retreat From the Islands

Despite "population explosions," humankind is withdrawing from regions that were peopled before the dawn of history. Especially, men are deserting the little islands where once they found safety and tranquility.

Kirk

The islands off the shores of Britain and Ireland rapidly are falling desolate. This writer knows the Hebrides and the Orkneys, and in his own acquaintance with those misty isles—a matter of fifteen years—the population has drained away from several altogether, and others are nearly empty. As matters are drifting, we shall see in the next decade or two the phenomenon of a densely-populated industrial civilization, Britain's, dead and shriveled at its edges.

Something sinister broods over an island abandoned after many generations of folk have dwelt there. Such a place is described, with an eerie charm, in the late T. H. White's *The Godstone and the Blackamoor:* White could not bring himself to spend more than one night in the single cottage still roofed in that Irish islet—though he had intended to abide there solitary for a fortnight.

St. Kilda, the most remote of the Hebrides, was "evacuated" forty years ago. Nowadays some twenty soldiers shiver there amid the North Atlantic gales, as garrison at a missile-tracking site. In December, a Spanish ship landed on St. Kilda a seaman thought to be dying with typhoid fever. His malady proved to be less desperate, and the garrison's doctor cured him. But when the Spanish steamer returned to pick up their man, less than two weeks later, the sailor was nowhere to be found. The island was combed: no trace whatsoever. In a lonely ramble, the Spaniard somehow had dropped out of space and time.

Yet when still cozily inhabited, these isles are in some ways delectable corners of the earth. Such readers of this page as may have encountered my book *Beyond the Dreams of Avarice* will have encountered my description of the Isle of Eigg, one of the inner Hebrides, more than a decade ago. The dreamy and leisurely existence of that little ancient community, nestled beneath the cliffs, has changed since: Eigg's population is less than half what it was when I lived on the island.

What are the causes of this decay? A principal one seems to be the draining away of the islands' natural leaders by the allurements of modern society. The people remaining in the islands tend to be the feckless, unable to lead or even to cooperate effectively, deficient in both energy and capital, who neglect their fishing, buy mass-produced bread and drink tinned milk instead of baking scones and milking their own cows, and cease even to marry.

The Fair Isles

The Fair Isles, famous for their bright knitted sweaters, now have been evacuated altogether: as the population of such isolated places diminishes, there are fewer able-bodied men to launch boats, and less reason for the steamer to call. Foula, the northernmost island of Britain, has less than fifty inhabitants now; Vatersay, the southernmost of the Hebrides, has lost half its population in a decade, so that there are now only 104 souls, eleven of them schoolchildren —in contrast with seventeen in the school a year ago. No wedding has occurred in Vatersay for ten years.

It is not the wild weather of the islands, primarily, that drives away the inhabitants. South Uist, one of the large Outer Hebrides, has a climate described as "a continual dripping misery": yet this is among the more populous and cheerful islands, and its people fought hard—and successfully—a few years ago to prevent much of their little domain being converted into a missile-launching site. For in South Uist, geniune community survives, and enough fishing to keep the economy in balance.

The government tries to help the islanders, with loans and housing; yet the state's intervention is a doubtful blessing. Unlike the snug old Hebridean and Orcadian cottages, built of local rubble and thatch, the new "council houses" are gaunt, cheerless monstrosities, drafty and high-ceilinged, difficult to heat, breeders of pneumonia and tuberculosis, killing with "progressive" kindness.

The Bones of Kings

So it is that one may purchase a whole island for a song. In the Orkneys, less than a year and a half ago, an interesting island was for sale: the core of its mansion-house was a genuine Viking hall, there were two or three farms, and the place had great charm. I believe there have been no takers. When, as in this islet, the population has vanished utterly, only the very hardy and self-reliant should adventure upon settlement; for the mere romantic solitary, like D. H. Lawrence's "Man who liked Islands," will despair in the melancholy hush of such places.

This retreat from sea-girt spots which man made his own many centuries ago is part of the in-gathering of humanity to the folds of the modern city, where people may be more conveniently shepherded. I take it for one of the ominous symptoms of modern decadence, a mark of the failure of nerve and manliness.

According to Celtic legend, the holy isle of Iona, in the Hebrides, will remain above the waters when all else in the world has sunk beneath the ocean; therefore many Scottish and Irish kings had their bones laid to rest in Iona. That luminous island still has villagers, but the governmental authorities are thoughtfully doing what they can to diminish community: Iona has lost its school, and its children now will be ferried and bussed to a big mainland school. Yet I hope that some folk still will be found in Iona at Judgment Day.

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The Europe of Charles de Gaulle

THOMAS MOLNAR

Between 1959 and 1962 the attacks on de Gaulle concentrated on his role as a brutal surgeon in the Algerian operation. Since 1962 he has remained a target for attacks, but now it is his foreign policy which is under criticism. The critics are rarely from the Left: the Communists and progressives are well satisfied with the General's policy of creating conflicts within the Atlantic alliance. The Right and Center, on the other hand, have different views: disenchanted with the Gaullist version of nationalism, they have become partisans of European integration, or at least a European common policy. If many of the Center—the Catholic MRP and the Independents, for example—supported de Gaulle even during the Algerian War, it was because they hoped that with the Empire liquidated, France would turn her energies to the construction of a united Europe.

But the General never ceases disappointing his friends and partisans. Today very few on the Right approve his vision of *l'Europe des patries;* the rest are violently opposed to him on a number of counts: 1) his cavalier treatment of Germany; 2) his insistence on developing an independent nuclear force; 3) his defiance of the United States; 4) his exclusion of Great Britain from the Common Market; 5) his blocking of European integration; and 6) his flirtation with the Communist powers (recognition of Red China, extension of a seven-year loan to Soviet Russia).

The Foreign Policy of Charles de Gaulle, by Paul Reynaud. The Odyssey Press, $3.95

The King and His Court, by Pierre Viansson-Ponté. Houghton, $5.00

This is a long and substantial indictment. Since there is not space here to examine it in detail, I shall look at it briefly through Paul Reynaud's book. Reynaud, ex-prime minister and party politician *par excellence* of the inter-war period, is, of course, one of the Center's chief spokesmen. It is, then, deplorable that his book should be poorly conceived, sloppily written, and primitive in execution and argumentation. Nor is there continuity in this short work which seems to be pieced together (although it is not) from mediocre editorials.

Reynaud never ceases to be a politician eager for the limelight. He informs us that he has always been right: he advised Ngo Dinh Diem against accepting the presidency of South Vietnam; he told Kenneth Galbraith that it would be better to admit Red China to the UN before rather than after Peking developed its nuclear bomb (Galbraith agreed); he turns out to have been the most trusted European friend of John F. Kennedy; and he even manages to execute a deep bow in the direction of Lyndon B. Johnson.

This is then not a very serious book, which is a pity because its author knows de Gaulle better than most. With Léon Blum he was the only French politician of the Third Republic interested in the then Colonel's ideas on mechanized warfare. He knew de Gaulle in the 1930s and supported his endeavor to get a hearing in high military places. At the time de Gaulle made himself quite humble, and in letters to Reynaud offered his services in the tone of an errand boy. (These letters, now published, are the laugh of Paris.)

Although Reynaud's haphazard composition leaves the reader indifferent to his overstated case, the main charges against Gaullist foreign policy are listed in his book. They center around the controversial issue of European unity and the Atlantic alliance. Only a strong, unified Europe, so Reynaud and others say, can become an equal partner of the United States. Meanwhile, the American "nuclear umbrella" is the sole valid military protection. Not so, the Gaullists (in France and elsewhere) argue, because no American President will ever pull the nuclear trigger if it is only Europe that is attacked. The *force de frappe* must be a European weapon; but Continental unity can only be achieved through common Franco-German policy.

THE PIVOTAL issue, then, is not really de Gaulle's intransigence, but the fact that the victors of World War Two—in this case the United States, the Soviet Union and France—cannot agree (which is natural) on whose influence should prevail over the Germans. Khrushchev once told Reynaud that he would *"never,* I say *never"* agree to the reunification of Germany; Washington wants to tie Bonn to its own apronstrings (latest, but unsuccessful effort: the multilateral force); and de Gaulle insists that no outside power, by holding on to the Germans, should have a decisive say in European matters.

This triangular problem is insoluble. Under normal circumstances, Washington and Moscow would be able to agree on the status quo which, in addition to securing for them one half of that dramatic, yet elusive and forever problematic nation, perpetuates their dominant role in western and eastern Europe respectively. The complicating factor is Charles de Gaulle. He says—at times clearly, at other times in his sibylline manner—that the power which unites Europe

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must be a European one. And only France can be that power. From Richelieu and Louis XIV, through Napoleon and Laval, this has been French policy. The only difference is that these statesmen's vision was in harmony with their actual power, whereas de Gaulle does not have the power to carry out his plans. American economic strength and Russian ideological and military might hold East and West Europe in their grip.

De Gaulle seems to think that his *mystique* will by and large suffice to carry along German merchants, Muscovite ideologues, and the moralizing diplomats of America. But the *mystique* and the imperial designs of a Richelieu and a Napoleon were founded on national cohesion and strong armies. These de Gaulle has mercilessly destroyed; and his personal ascendancy is no substitute.

His illusions are, however, understandable. Viansson-Ponté's description of The King and His Court is a rather amusing, although superficial, report on the Gaullist grand manner at receptions, negotiations, press conferences, and even in private life. The noteworthy part of the book is its second half where dozens of politicians, generals, bankers, writers and businessmen are listed, all making up, as it were, the tail of the comet. Looking back from 1965, we can say that perhaps no one of these men survived in the General's entourage without being purged, jailed, humiliated, confounded, brutally used or cruelly mocked. Yet they remained faithful, or at least fascinated for life by their hero. He bathes in their adulation, just as he does in that other fountain of youth, the enthusiastic masses. Speaking of him, Reynaud repeats the silly cliché that "de Gaulle refuses to enter the twentieth century." The truth is that de Gaulle is a modern master-politician, uniquely combining the features of two other master-politicians of the century, Stalin and Roosevelt. Like them, the General understands and cultivates power. And this century is more subservient to power than any previous century.

The Widow of Windsor

SIR SHANE LESLIE

VICTORIA gave her name to an era and an empire which are both extinct, but she enjoyed both during three score years of reign. Much else she enjoyed is told in this book.

Queen Victoria, by Elizabeth Longford. Harper, $8.50

The anecdotage is varied, lively and even accurate. We learn not only when she was amused, but of furious moments when she was not. It is a woman's book which men will be better for reading.

Born in 1819, just within the reign of her grandfather George III to whom the United States once all belonged, she lived long enough to send her eldest son as a peacemaker to President Buchanan. As a link within a link, he shook hands with a combatant of Bunker Hill.

No book can tell what it was to live under Queen Victoria. It gave the Empire, even the world, security. There were two old women—one in China and the other in Windsor—who kept most of the world in order. Kipling's "the Widow of Windsor" kept the nations in their places, much as Woodrow Wilson wished to achieve by his League. While she lived she kept Europe at concert pitch. Even Bismarck, the framer of the future, confessed that after an interview she left him in a sweat. India accepted her imperial invisibility. Even the exiled and defeated Kruger sent chivalrous word when she was dying. The world went into mourning when she died in January 1901.

Lady Longford's biography is well set with brilliant scandals, while dull politics and duller benevolences take back seats. We have the Queen's mother's affair with Sir John Conroy, an Irish *mousquetaire* taken out of Lever's and Dumas' novels in turn. The teen-age Queen punished her mother by making her stand in her presence. Conroy was wiped out by the Archangel Albert sent from above to clean the English Court and Society.

Albert's part lasted less than twenty years, during which he helped her to nine children with whom they set out to furnish the thrones of Europe. Albert grows bigger in history not only in re-educating the Queen but in quelling contemporaries like Czar Nicholas, Bismarck and Napoleon III. By 1870 the Queen thought it was a blessing Albert was no more, for she could never have prevented him enlisting in the German Army. On his deathbed he mitigated the angry dispatches which would have brought war with Lincoln. He taught peace and the arts, but the British were not ready for either.

Queen Victoria: ". . . *All she said or did for sixty years affected the lives of Englishmen.*"

The Queen needed a man to amuse, flatter and advise her. Disraeli arrived out of the *Arabian Nights* and gave her an oriental crown as her Vizier. He wrote of her and to her as a "Faery Queen," which no one had tried since Spenser made one of Queen Elizabeth I. Though both were middle-aged, they fascinated each other with the idea. They failed to keep the morose and verbose Gladstone at a distance. She could hardly have hated this four-times Premier more, and refused to thank him for his record services or to be sorry when he died. The Prince of Wales had to attend the Abbey service and console Mrs. Gladstone—for whom the Queen felt very sorry for

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having married such a brute. It is as well that Princess Beatrice destroyed all the Diaries in which she let forth. They might have been written by Queens Boadicea and Elizabeth I in all their wrath. As it is, Lady Longford has been allowed to salve all that survives in the Royal Archives.

She writes as a woman, not as a historian. She realizes Victoria was an extremely double personage. Trivialities maddened her, but in great occasions or perils she became icy calm. In the end what she called "a hunted hare" was fast becoming an insistent matriarch. She and Albert had designed to undermine wars by a series of royal marriages. In turn they were undermined by the bleeding disease which the Saxe Coburgs (not the House of Hanover) instilled disastrously into the royal families of Germany, Spain and Russia. Future historians will pay grim attention to this form of Greek tragedy.

The Empire was angry when Victoria kept John Brown (a drunken gillie) and later the Munshi (a low-class Indian favorite) constantly on her arm. "Brown Eminence" occupies a whole chapter in the book. Radical roisterers chalked on the palace: "Empress Brown has come to town." Of course, "the Queen was neither John Brown's mistress nor his morganatic wife." He kept bores and assassins at bay and could be rude to Ministers. The gossip of the world made him a medium whose second sight enabled her to communicate with Albert (his double vision was alcoholic). The vast, incoherent journals of the Queen show how things lay. Only her secretary and the Dean of Windsor prevented her writing Brown's memoir. Brown knew how to handle a woman by calling her "woman" or sending her in to change her bonnet. He was right, but so was she when she allowed Secretary Ponsonby to remove him when tipsy off the box of her carriage, and thanked him for his tact.

Disraeli went furthest in playful flattery some forty years after she merited fairylike compliments. Gladstone would not have treated her as more than a handmaid of the Lord. She kept Labouchère and Dilke out of the Cabinet. She was delighted when Dilke and Parnell fell to women's wiles. She was mercilessly rude to Gladstone, to many the greatest Englishman of the century. All she said or did for sixty years affected the lives of Englishmen, certainly their careers. Her mistakes were colossal—her treatment of the Prince of Wales and of Ireland.

The Prince, no scholar or prude, was driven into drudgery in the effort to make him equal the blessed Albert. Of all the good sayings, we hope Disraeli's dying words are true. When the Queen offered to approach his bedside he demurred. He was afraid she would entrust him with a message to Albert. No wonder the Prince of Wales, who had hidden gifts, fell back on ladies or actresses, horse-racing, yacht-racing and gambling abroad, till the crash of Tranby Croft, which the Queen believed would unfit him for the throne. There were only three *causes célèbres* in all those years in Europe: Wilde, Dreyfus and the baccarat cheating at Tranby Croft. Everyone present there was marked for life and moved uneasily in the purlieus of Society. And the greatest counsel in England, Clarke, believed that the so-called criminal Gordon Cumming should have been given the verdict. Jury and judge had found it necessary to save the Prince.

The Queen's fatal mistake was to decline to touch Ireland and to leave Irish freedom to be fought over be-

Random Notes

● Movies: For the second year now Los Alamos, home of The Bomb, has staged an International Peace Film Festival, and for the second year the array of eschatological sermons has had an audience of like nobody, and most of them wandered in from Albuquerque and Santa Fe. The prize went to flicks from Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Poland and New York City. . . . Jacques Tati's new movie has an English title, *Playtime,* a word from the vocabulary of *la parole franglaise* . . . . the up-and-coming musical *Baker Street* has been sold to Metro for a cool million, before it has had so much as an opening night on Broadway. . . . The National Film Board of Canada has completed a documentary called *Rail Rodder,* about the Canadian National's new gasoline-powered trains, and the star is Buster Keaton, who, in sixty-five years of acting, has never before been involved in a documentary. Fans of Buster are advised that he is also to be seen in a disorderly movie called *Pyjama Party,* that's even now around the neighborhood, and, soon, in a film shot this summer, written by Samuel Beckett himself. . . . And Rod Steiger, who has impersonated in his time, among others, Al Capone, is to play John XXIII in *His Name Was John,* now in the making in Italy. . . . News from Minneapolis has it that Miss Ann Pielow (*aet.* 15) has seen The Beatles' *A Hard Day's Night* 46 times hand-running.

● Books: For March, Phyllis Grosskurth's *The Woeful Victorian,* a biography of John Addington Symonds (Holt, $6.95), the historian and idealistic sinner. Miss Grosskurth draws extensively for her information on Symonds' unpublished autobiography which his family has withheld from the public. . . . Simon and Schuster have issued Ivy Compton Burnett's *A Family and a Fortune* and *More Women than Men* (bound together, $2.95), both published in England in the thirties but never before here, and both have the grenade-like beauty and bitter wisdom of Miss Compton-Burnett's best. . . . *Publisher's Weekly* prints this fan letter from the mail of A. L. Rowse, the biographer: "It is with the most lively interest that I have read your masterly work on Shakespeare, admiring the perception and talent with which you place the great English dramatist of the sixteenth century in his age. Sincerely, Charles de Gaulle."

N.B.: Garry Wills has begun a weekly column in which he speaks his mind and performs the kind of analysis of problems for which he is so well known, principally in Catholic newspapers. The column is called "Old and New."

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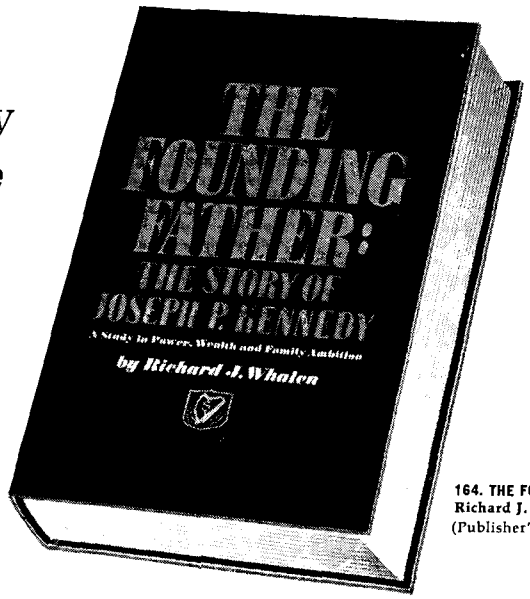

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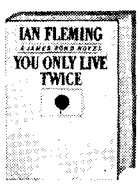

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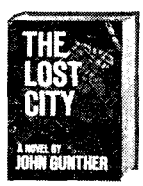

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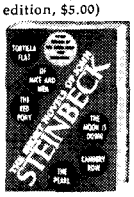

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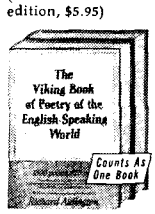

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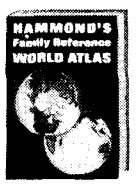

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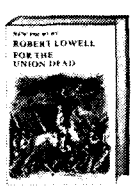

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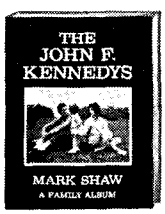

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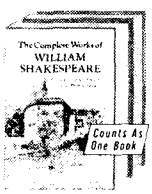

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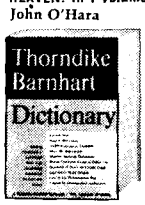

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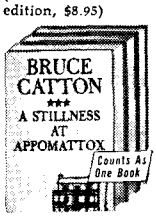

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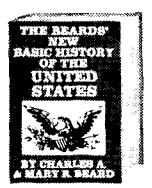

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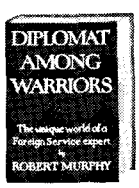

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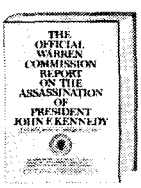

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tween Tory and Liberal until Parnell destroyed the procedure of the British Parliament. With the refusal of Home Rule (a mild state-right), for a generation the relations between England and America remained very difficult until the very last stage of the Great War, and the final repression which drove Ireland into rebellion in our own time. The pattern which Ireland set for herself was gradually taken up through Africa and Asia until Victoria's Empire with all its fine possibilities drifted away into the present installment of world chaos. Yet in her earliest years as a girl-Queen she spoke all sympathy and kindness to Ireland, until disabused by Premiers. Historians have yet to decide where the blame lies.

Who's Afraid of Edmund Burke?

STEPHEN J. TONSOR

WHITTAKER CHAMBERS in 1954 was writing an article on the "Conservative Position" for *Fortune* Magazine. In a letter to Duncan Norton-Taylor, the editor of *Fortune,* recently published in *Cold Friday,* Chambers comments on his difficulties with the intractable subject of the conservative position, and he concludes that "it is very difficult to excite people about what is everlasting."

The Relevance of Edmund Burke, edited by Peter J. Stanlis. Kenedy, $3.95

A decade has not transformed the situation, nor could it be expected that a pattern so old could be so suddenly changed. Revolution must always seem to hold more promise than the quiet work of reformation and of gradual change. Cicero's vocabulary of virtue must always find itself at a discount when it confronts the Caesarian vocabulary of "greatness." Everyone who has ever taught a class, or preached a sermon, or written a poem knows how difficult it is "to excite people about what is everlasting." Most of the Old and New Testament has been set to music but no one so far as I know has ever sung the Ten Commandments. That indeed would be, as Mark Twain once remarked of the hymns of his own rather narrow religious experience, "triumphant anguish."

Is "excitement" then really the test? Chambers in the same letter observed, speaking of Russell Kirk's *The Conservative Mind,* ". . . if you were a Marine in a landing boat, would you wade up the seabeach at Tarawa for *that* conservative position? And neither would I!" Now it is just possible that few if any Marines have ever waded up any seabeach for any ideological position. Only an inveterate ideologist poisoned through and through with the toxic effects of intellectual alcoholism could believe that they do, or should. The sources of commitment and dedication go deeper than manifestoes. In some blind, uncertain and unknowing way they go back to the everlasting, not as it is expressed in programs or ideologies but as it is expressed in the quality and purpose of human life itself. Men in that circumstance say, "If only I get out of this alive I will . . ." and what they will do is the best conservative program on earth.

Consequently the task of the conservative thinker and the conservative politician is not primarily to stir excitement. Their task is to affirm and reaffirm the enduring political realities with the realization that each man will discover for himself and through his own experience their validity. *The Relevance of Edmund Burke,* edited by Peter J. Stanlis with contributions by Peter Stanlis, Russell Kirk, Ross Hoffman, Francis Canavan and Louis Bredvold, is such a quiet reaffirmation.

IT IS ODD that during the greater portion of the nineteenth century Burke was so poorly understood even in his own England. Peter Stanlis in an essay of great learning and dash traces the fortunes of Burke's thought from the eighteenth century to the present time and deals lucidly and perceptively with the challenge to Burke's reputation presented by the Namierite school of historians. The rediscovery of Burke since 1949 demonstrates the appeal of the everlasting in an age or revolution.

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But the enduring has a strange way of slipping away from the common experience of mankind; of segregating itself in some gilded ghetto of the mind where men enshrine their better selves while the real business of human life in all its grubby immediacy is transacted without benefit of noble principle. Consequently, conservatism all too frequently is acknowledged as a fine idea in the abstract but one which in the agony of the moment is inadequate. But conservatism is a beachhead philosophy or it is only a sham and a fake.

It is precisely in the area of the relationship of the enduring to the changing and the immediate that both the political philosophy and the pragmatic politics of Edmund Burke are most relevant to contemporary man. It is for this reason that I found the essay of C. P. Ives on "Edmund Burke and the Legal Order," the essay of Francis Canavan on "Burke as a Reformer," and the essay of Ross Hoffman on "Edmund Burke as a Practical Politician," both extremely interesting and extremely useful. For they reveal that Burke's principles served as a ground for practical action and not merely as a set of decorative notions to which men give their assents but not their wills. And so Burke is relevant because he presented men with a practical orthodoxy which demanded not only conformity, but reform and change, and which admitted no finalities except those imposed by man's very nature. Burke might have echoed, as contemporary practical conservatives should in the months ahead, the injunction of St. Augustine: "In those things necessary, unity; in those things doubtful, liberty; and in all things, charity."

Clearing the Air

STEFAN T. POSSONY

THE INVESTIGATION of President Kennedy's assassination is "an American edition of a frame-up resembling the German Reichstag fire." It serves "to shield the real culprits." Thus spake the *World Marxist Review* in January 1964. In a similar vein, Joesten and Buchanan set out to show that Oswald never was a Marxist and that he did not murder the President.

Out of the original mess of conflicting and unevaluated bits of information, quite a few tall stories can be distilled without any trouble at all. Mr. Joesten is an A-student of Joseph Goebbels' blunderbuss propaganda. He cumulates and telescopes "evidence" and demonstrates gleefully that 2 x 2 is not just 5, but conceivably might be eight. There was a "conspiracy of powerful men with a narrow circle of complicity in the middle echelon of the FBI and the Dallas police." Mr. Henry M. Wade, District Attorney of Dallas County, is deemed to be a secret and dishonest ally of the FBI. Mr. J. Edgar Hoover's "patriotic vestments are . . . in Samuel Johnson's famous definition 'the last refuge of a scoundrel.'" Joesten accuses Mr. Hoover outright of being "an accessory after the fact."

As far as Mr. Joesten is concerned, Ruby and Oswald had been working for the CIA "together." (Apparently agents are introduced to each other.) The fact that in summer 1963 Oswald was granted a passport within 24 hours is considered "irrefutable evidence" that Oswald's pro-Communist activities were "understood" by the authorities. The FBI allowed Oswald to hold a job in the School Book Depository without insisting that he be fired. Since, according to Mr. Joesten, it is FBI practice to prevent subversives from holding down even the most trivial of jobs, Oswald must have been an FBI *"agent provocateur"* with a CIA background and connection." It does not occur to him that such a hypothetical double affiliation would effectively deter either

Oswald: Assassin or Fall Guy?, by Joachim Joesten. Marzani & Munsell, $3.95

Who Killed Kennedy?, by Thomas G. Buchanan. Putnam, $4.95

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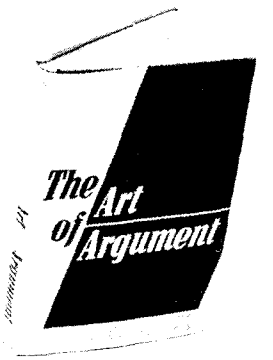

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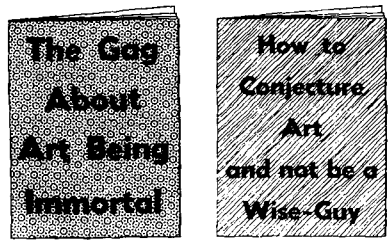

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agency from plotting the crime. Unfortunately, this self-styled polyglot passes among some Europeans as an expert on American affairs.

Buchanan is a more cautious prevaricator; he does not consider his book to be a "final formulation." He attributes the crime to the Texas elite, which is one of "gamblers" rather than businessmen, and which operates through its "supreme elite" of the seven rulers of the Dallas Citizens' Council. There is no point wasting time on mental excretions of this sort. Buchanan's most self-revealing stupidity reads: "Oswald could have been convicted only if he had been innocent."

What about the "proof" that Oswald did not murder Mr. Kennedy? Both Joesten and Buchanan assert that Oswald could not have known about the route of the cavalcade. Joesten says that this route was published only on the morning of November 22, and that Oswald did not read the papers. The exact route was disclosed on November 19. Joesten alleges that the route was changed by the police unnecessarily, thus bringing the President's car within the range of Oswald's rifle. Can anyone still doubt the conspiracy in the Dallas Police Department? The fact of the matter is that the cavalcade traveled along the regular route leading to the highway which the President was to take. To the surprise of no one, Joesten finds that the police force was alerted five minutes *before* the shots were fired. This inane "case" was demolished by the Warren Commission.

Both Joesten and Buchanan try to prove that the President's throat wound was an entry wound. But since the windshield was not hit from the front, their attempt to play the Texan doctors against the autopsists in Bethesda collapses. Buchanan's argument that there were two rifles, a German Mauser and an Italian Carcano, is a clear misuse of evidence. The police officer who found the rifle merely looked at it and made a mistaken identification. True enough, no announcement should have been made on the basis of a cursory glance, but an error by a harassed police officer does not constitute "proof" that there were in fact two rifles. Further, Buchanan's strained reconstruction of how a rifleman could have hidden himself and his rifle on the overpass, fired without being noticed by ambulant railroad workers, and escaped because policemen and spectators were without exception craning their necks in the wrong direction, is simply ludicrous.

Joesten alleges that Oswald could not have hidden a gun in his room. Therefore, he did not pick up his pistol when he went home. For reasons of time, he could not have been at the place where Tippitt was murdered. Hence, Oswald did not shoot him. By contrast, Buchanan argues that Tippitt was ordered to silence Oswald (a job later performed by Ruby), but that Oswald drew first.

If it were true that the firing pin on the pistol which Oswald tried to use in the movie theater was bent, then, Joesten suspects, "the weapon was planted by the police." But if the police planted the weapon, Oswald would have had a gun to shoot Tippitt. Or else, the police planted the weapon only after they arrested the suspect: if so, why bother to bend the firing pin? And how did the police get to the weapon with which an unknown assassin did kill Tippitt? In any event, Oswald was unable to fire because the police officer when grabbing the gun prevented the cylinder from turning; this officer was risking death.

The Warren Commission proved that Oswald purchased and handled the rifle. The rifle was in the building from which the shots were fired. There is strong circumstantial evidence that Oswald carried the rifle with him on the morning of November 22. Three shots were fired from this rifle. Though the ballistic evidence is not fully conclusive, it is persuasive enough to show that President Kennedy was killed by those shots.

THE EVIDENCE demonstrates Oswald's guilt beyond reasonable doubt. Unfortunately, there are weak points in the findings of the Warren Commission. Some of these, such as the lack of good prints on the rifle and the indication of the paraffin test that Oswald fired a gun but not a rifle, cannot be helped. However, in some instances the Warren Commission fell down on its job. It apparently overlooked key witnesses to the slaying of Tippitt, and it is disturbing that their stories differ from other testimony. A fairly good description of the suspect was issued in the first "all-points" message, long before Oswald's absence was noted;

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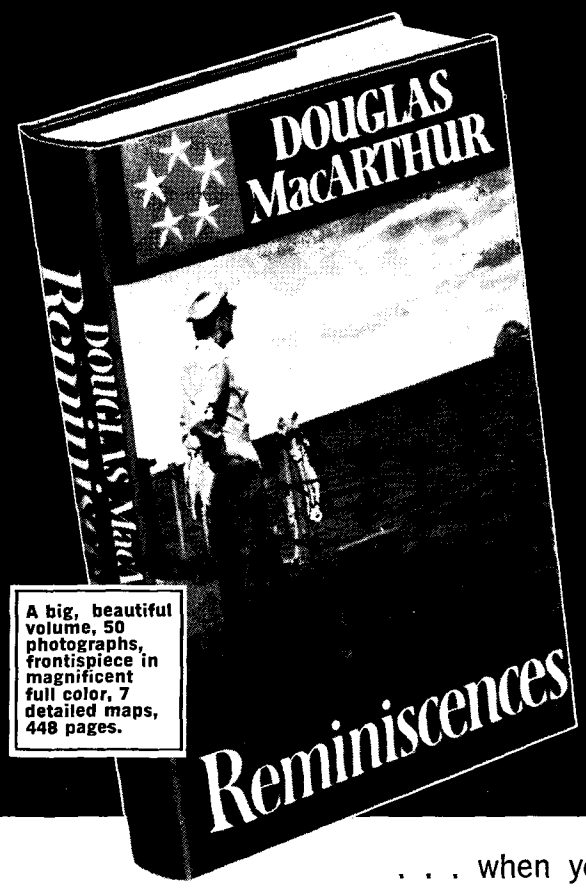

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yet the source of this initial information remains in doubt. The analysis of Oswald's finances makes only a minimum of sense. Barely anything has been unearthed about Oswald's firing practices. This reader for one does not believe that the question of whether Ruby and Oswald knew each other has been answered conclusively. It is unlikely that in his several *political* initiatives Oswald acted entirely on his own, as the Warren Commission suggests.

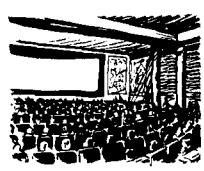
The debate about President Kennedy's assassination, like the argument about Lincoln's death, will continue for a long while. The United States will not be spared further attacks by its enemies, who will be able to benefit from the Commission's failure to deal competently with Oswald's Soviet experiences. But the Commission *did* prove that Oswald, and he alone, shot the President. Hence Joesten and Buchanan are wrong.

Movies

Brutalized Dragon-Slayer

RICHARD M. HODGENS

DEATH BY gilt, gas, fire and bullet, by hat-brim, automobile and auto-crusher, by electricity, decompression and almost by nuclear fission as well—and all in fun: *Goldfinger* does not overdo its "sadism for the family" by more than a dozen killings, and its sick humor is not especially obtrusive. This is the third of Ian Fleming's thrillers about James Bond, 007 (still Sean Connery, of course), to be filmed by producers Harry Saltzman and Albert R. Broccoli, and like its predecessors it is flawed in detail and unpleasant in tone, but entertaining nevertheless, as the impeccable, indestructible hero bungles through unlikely, predictable disasters to inevitable, improbable victory.



The trouble is not what the producers are really doing, but what they apparently think they are doing; the films succeed, more or less, in spite of the fact that the producers, like Fleming, imagine they are appealing to our very basest instincts but, unlike Fleming, exhibit their contempt for the hero and the audiences that applaud him. Their films have a deliberate vulgarity, and a condescending facetiousness to excuse it, and both qualities seem beside the point. What is important about adventures of this sort is not the potential perversity (for there is a difference between violence and sadism, after all), but the implicit conflict of good and evil—the idea that there are dragons of a sort and the hope, at least, that there are dragon-slayers, too. The James Bond films tend to confuse the hero, and perhaps the audience as well, with the villains.

This time, the extravagant dragon pursued, eluded and destroyed is called Auric Goldfinger. "Sounds like a French nail-polish," says Bond. Like Connery's heroism, Gert Frobe's villainy as Goldfinger is rather comical; it has to be, of course, as he cheats at cards, gilds a beautiful girl (Shirley Eaton) to death, cheats at golf, smuggles gold out of England and attempts to wipe out Fort Knox. Goldfinger, though he is less obvious about it than Dr. No was in the first Bond film, is another second-rate Fu Manchu.

The adaptation severs his connections with SMERSH; presumably the producers do not want to offend the wrong people. Goldfinger, well-attuned to the *Zeitgeist*, collaborates with the Chinese Reds instead. They supply the nuclear device to use on Fort Knox and, presumably, all those Oriental thugs besides. As in the novel, there are unconvincing American thugs also, but they are gassed after serving their expository purpose. As for the ladies, Goldfinger's chauffeur, caddie and chief executioner disposes of two of them before Bond meets the real heroine, the formidable Pussy Galore (Honor Blackman), who is not necessarily a lesbian in the film version, but still very fierce. She is a villainess for a while, but fortunately she succumbs to Bond's violent attentions. That's what saves Fort Knox.

There does not seem to be anything very appealing or inventive about all this, but it keeps moving. One hardly notices that Goldfinger's behavior is not consistent with his alleged obsession, that Bond keeps trying to get himself killed, that a girl like Pussy would probably have fallen for Odd-Job instead of Bond, or, finally, that Washington's reaction to the great threat seems primarily calculated to prolong the suspense. Throughout, surprise must compensate for irrationality, humor for nastiness.

The adaptation may be an improvement this time, although it is occasionally too compressed with its extra violence, and some of the extra special-effects it calls for are unsatisfying on film. Guy Hamilton's direction is surprisingly fluid, considering his other recent films, but it seems less skilled than Terence Young's work in the second Bond, *From Russia with Love*. John Barry's score is also inferior to his own work in that film; the title song, in which Shirley Bassey insists that Goldfinger loves only gold while the titles appear beside scenes superimposed on gilded girls, is even worse.

Despite its excesses and deficiencies, *Goldfinger* will pass for good entertainment, these days; and, after all, the Bond team cannot be expected to equal Hitchcock or to approach Lang even if, somehow, they got over their notion that a Saint George must be an impossible, if ingratiating, brute.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE EQUIVOCAL MEN, by Holmes Alexander (Western Islands, $4.00). Although this work of fiction, subtitled "Tales of the Establishment," issues from the publishing subsidiary of the John Birch Society, it stands in explicit disagreement with the more private misreadings of history that are the hallmark of Mr. Robert Welch. Holmes Alexander—once a politician, always a political analyst, but essentially always a writer— tells an intricate story here of the private interests and public poses that contribute to the passage of laws, the purveying of syndicated columns, and the achievement of place amongst the mighty. It's a *roman à thèse* he gives us, which argues that America needs no

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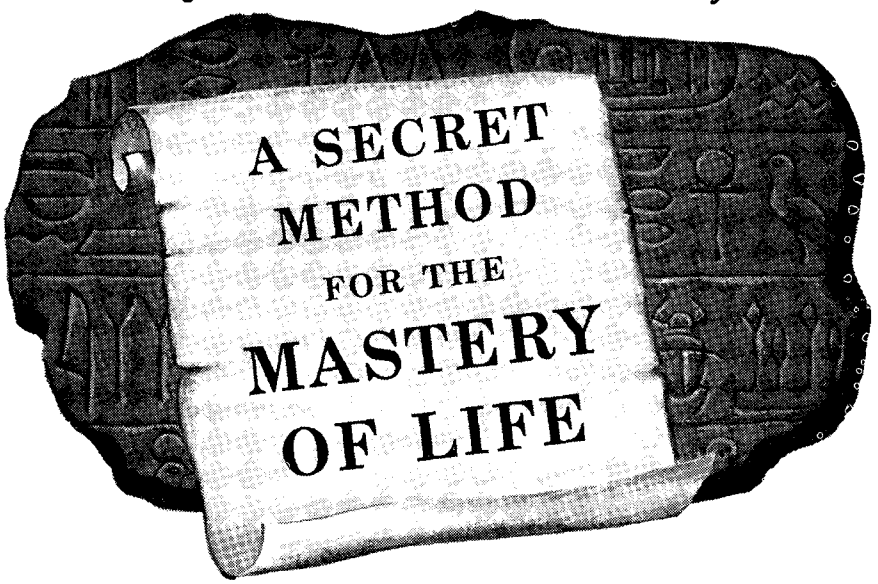
subtle conspiracy to keep it bewitched as the enemy crowds upon us, but only a peculiar conjunction of greed, gullibility, and gnosticism on the part of those who "create" public opinion. The *genre* requires that we become engaged in the characters before we learn that they are exponents of clashing philosophies; Mr. Alexander jumps his cue by telling us, on page two, that we're in for a battle between conservative and Liberal. After that slight flaw the story sprouts like bramble in April, with occasional beauteous blossoms, as when the face of a cadaver is described as "the shriven purity of total removal," or when a soiled politician suffers the honesty of introspection to put him to the question, "Success. A lifetime of it. A great man. But whose man?" The book makes delightful reading. I wonder if Holmes Alexander has a novel up his sleeve about the millionaire clerk to a certain Democratic Senate majority leader?

W. F. RICKENBACKER

SHAPING EDUCATIONAL POLICY, by James Bryant Conant (McGraw-Hill, $1.95). Hardly anyone in his right mind would disagree with Mr. Conant's contention that American educators have been slow to recognize their principal inadequacies, and slower still to work towards a resolution of these inadequacies. A large part of the blame, in Mr. Conant's opinion, lies with the disorganized and predominantly self-interested structure of educational policy-making in this country, a partial consequence, Mr. Conant implies, of the constitutional safeguards which have left to each state the right to shape (within the limitations of the 1st and 14th Amendments) its own educational policies. Mr. Conant suggests an "Interstate Commission for Planning a Nationwide Educational Policy," a body which would be made up, for the most part, of interested laymen, rather than education professionals, and would undertake the planning of a comprehensive, and relevant, educational policy for the America of the 1960s. There is, one might say, nothing impetuous about this proposal.

C. MICHAEL CURTIS

Knowledge That Has Endured With The Pyramids



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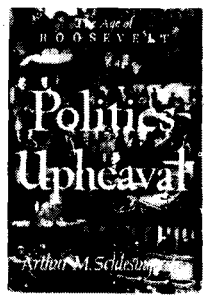

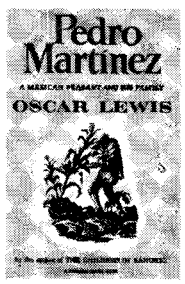

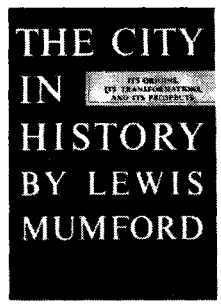

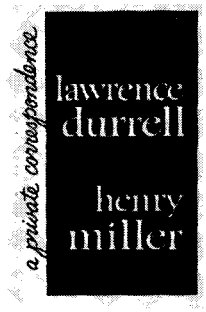

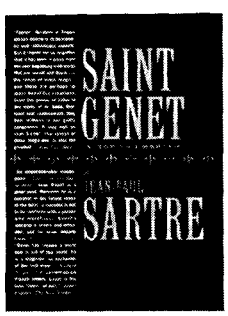

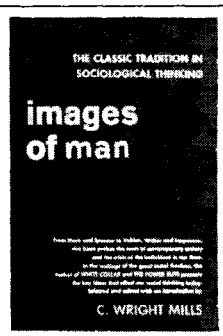

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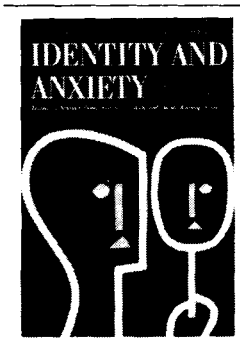

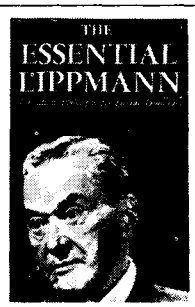

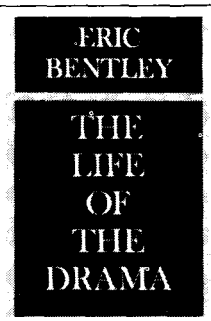

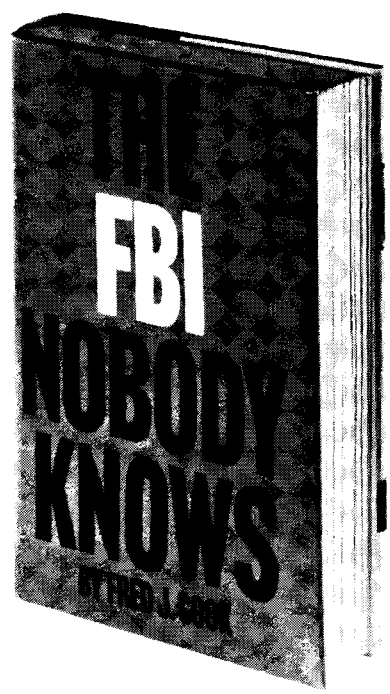

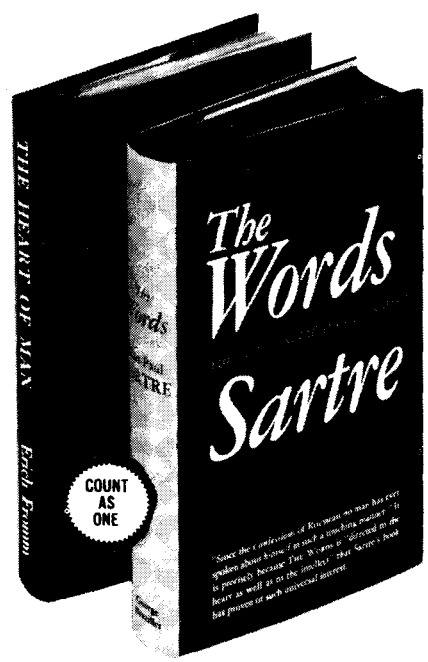

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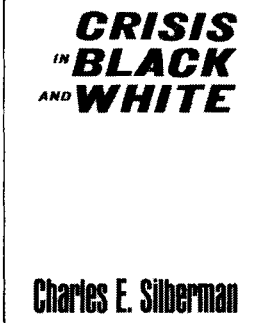

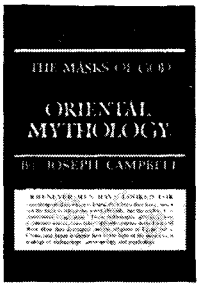

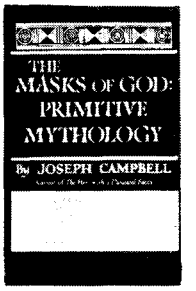

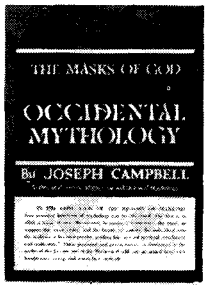

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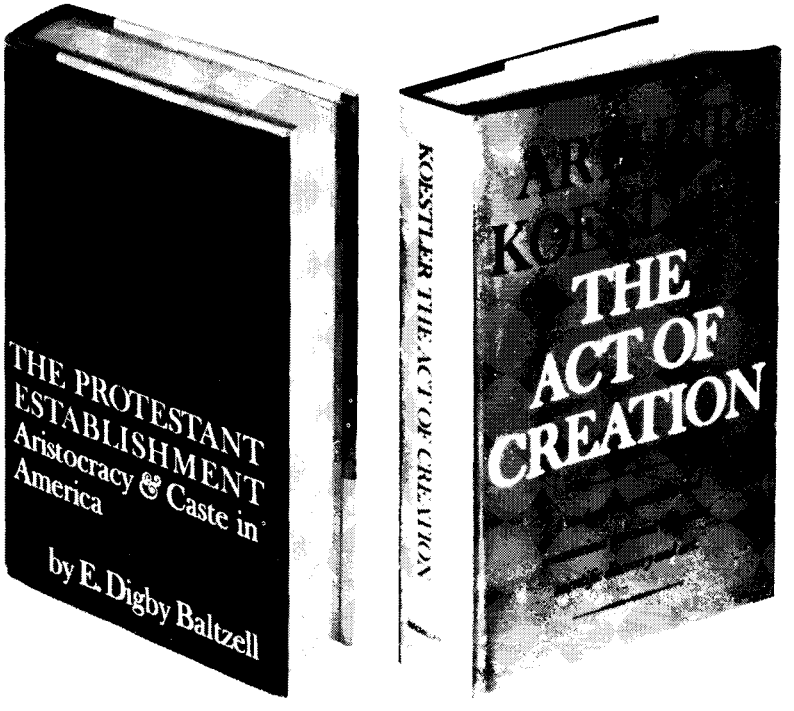
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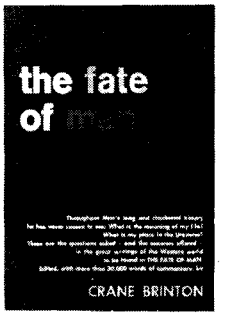

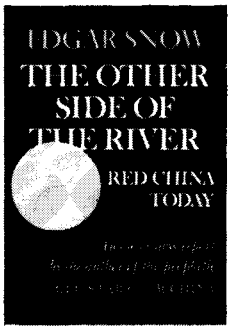

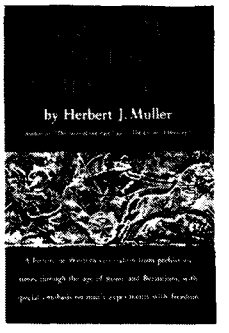

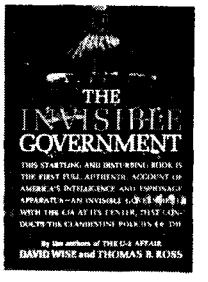

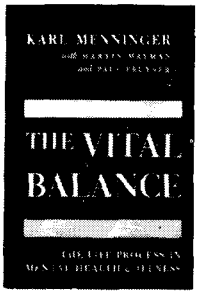

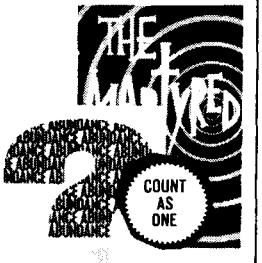

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CHURCHILL

(Continued from p. 100)

against him. Roosevelt was anti-British and anti-colonial. His vanity was infinite and I think there is small doubt that he was jealous of Churchill. Whatever his reasons, he forced one betrayal after another on the British Prime Minister, and the Prime Minister had to suffer in silence. Nevertheless, and making all allowance for his nearly intolerable handicaps, Churchill must be gravely faulted for lending his name and his guarantee to the grotesque and fatuous myth that the saber-toothed tiger in the Kremlin was a man to be trusted.

The end of the war brought eclipse; Churchill took his electoral defeat very badly indeed. He thought it was a monstrous example of popular ingratitude, but it was not in the least surprising. The people who had followed him blindly as a great Man of War believed that for that reason he could not be a great Man of Peace. What chagrined Churchill most was the thought that he had never in his long life led a party to victory at the polls. That was to be accorded to him at long last in 1951 when he returned to 10 Downing Street as Prime Minister by popular choice. When he had a slight stroke at a Cabinet meeting that was the beginning of the end. His last years were spent largely in retirement and he had lost full control of his faculties long before the end.

A Multitude of Parts

Soldier, biographer, novelist, journalist, historian, statesman, polo-player, horse-owner, bricklayer, painter and goldfish breeder, he was a man of a multitude of parts. He has been called a man of the Renaissance, but why is it so seldom suggested that part of his versatility came from the fact that he was half-American? Surely it was to his mother's nation that he owed his pragmatism and his deep interest in all kinds of gadgets and machinery. When he was head of the Admiralty for the first time, he bored his friends stiff by insisting on talking about ships' boilers. He did not acquire that kind of interest in the atmosphere of Blenheim.

Now it is over. His various contributions to his age will certainly be revalued and reassessed in time, but he will remain a giant, however he is regarded. His end was timely.

"Nothing is here for tears,
nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness,
no contempt,
Dispraise or blame; nothing but
well and fair
And what may quiet us in a death
so noble."

AFRICA

(Continued from p. 96)

great trading nations of the world on the application of effective economic sanctions, used as a punishment for her policy of apartheid. The future of Rhodesia hinges on the attitude of nations outside Africa towards the rabidly anti-colonialist line taken by the OAU. The future of the whole continent depends on outside aid. Africans are not yet masters in their own house. Naturally this rankles, but it can't be dodged. Keeping the cold war out of Africa is a pipe-dream. Non-alignment is impossible.

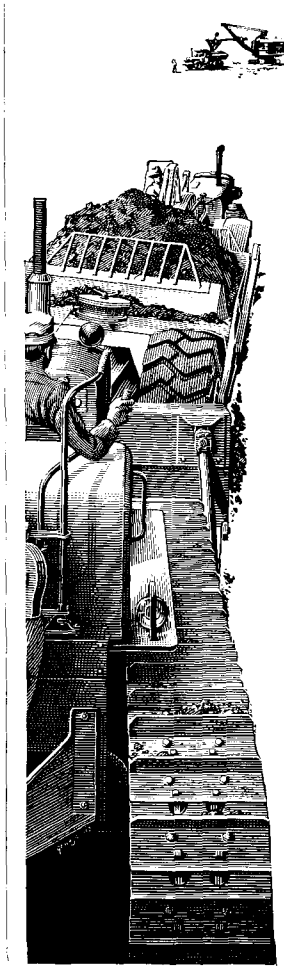
Sad, but true. The year 1964, starting with Chou En-lai's remark that "revolutionary prospects in Africa are excellent" and seeing the explosion of her first nuclear device, has been China's year in Africa. Whether 1965 will be even more so depends at least in part upon the policies and nerve of the United States. America's year is yet to come in Africa. That'll be the day. I'd like to live to see it but. . . .

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (January 26)

Barry M. Goldwater

INTERVIEW, "U.S. NEWS"

What in the world are extremes in politics? We've just seen a political campaign in which . . . extreme measures were used by my opponent to get elected: the use of falsehoods, the use of threats, the use of power. Now, is he a "moderate"? Not in my book, he's not.



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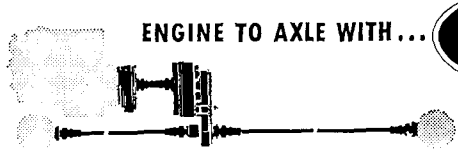

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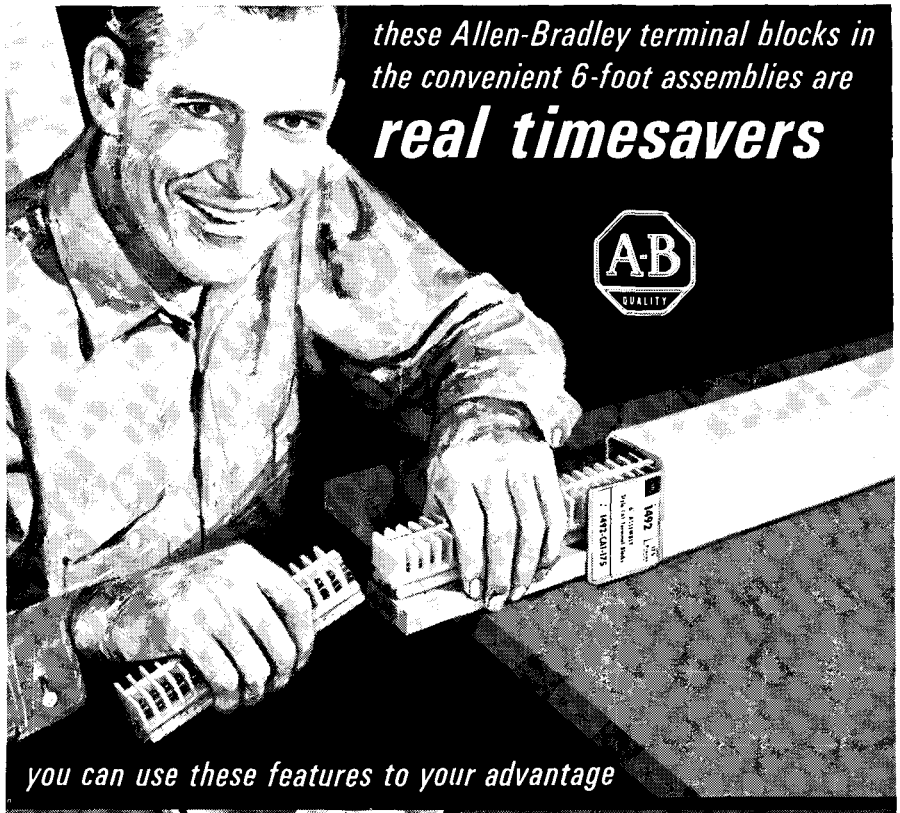

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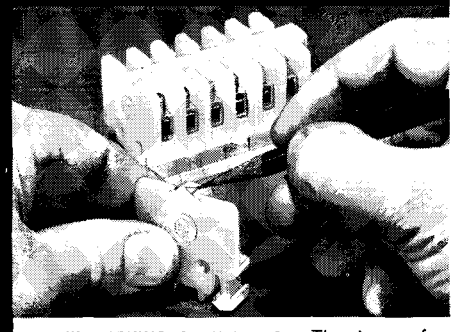

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QUALITY MOTOR CONTROL

TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 86)

ethical procedures, even for psychiatrists. We have long been suggesting that some appropriate committee of Congress investigate the utilization of psychological tests which have no real medical validity and are often administered by Civil Service psychologists and psychiatrists who are themselves suffering from emotional problems. We have one documented case where a psychologist actually received her degree while committed as a patient in a mental hospital. We have another case where a psychiatrist was connected with the government examining system two days after he had been released from an eight-month stay in a mental hospital.

The procedures described by Miss Zola would be considered violations of the ethical standards of this association.

Washington, D.C. F. EDWINA HALLMAN
Secretary
The American Association for
Social Psychiatry, Inc.

Learning the Lesson

Mr. Buckley is right to ask conservatives not to kick a beaten candidate when he is down [Jan. 12]. He is right, too, in urging massive public education to make straight the way of the next conservative Presidential candidate.

Therefore, what follows? Not, surely, a strained silence about the blunders of the last campaign; for how then are we to learn from our mistakes? The campaign was a textbook model of political ineptitude in strategy, tactics and technique. Let us at least salvage some lessons from it. Otherwise the sacrifices of all of us, not excluding Senator Goldwater, will have been wasted.

This is the hour for self-criticism: courteous and constructive, to be sure, but nonetheless unsparing.

New York, N.Y. BASIL SEALY

Vintage Year

The underlying cause of French unity on the superiority of 1964 ["Year-End Note—*Sacré Bleu* Div.," Jan. 12] is not "Le Grand Charles" or the international situation, surely. There can be only one source for such concord—the early prognosis that 1964 produced the finest wine crop of the century!

Gambier, Ohio PHIL CERNY

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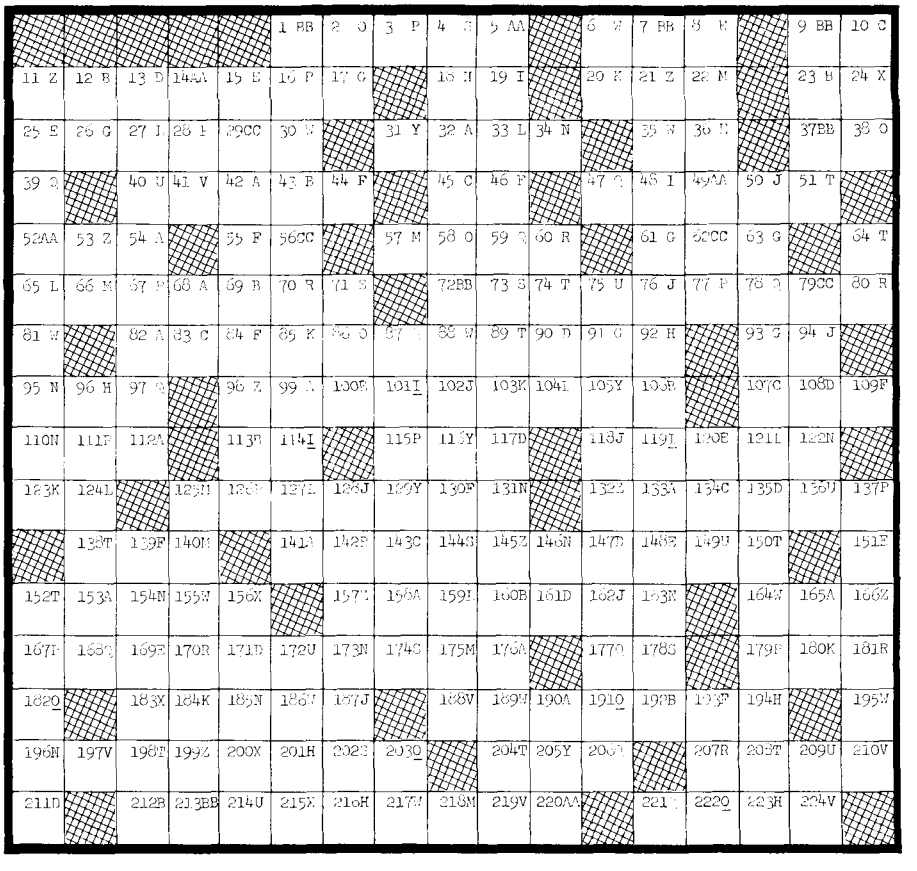
TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Important part of our foreign policy (2 wds.).	176 99 153 42 133 32 54 141 68 190 82
	165 158 112
B. It should be loyal to the nation but not to the administration.	192 142 212 160 12 69 43 113 23 106
C. Former New York Giant outfielder.	10 45 107 143 134 83
D. What Iowans prize, according to their state motto.	211 13 90 108 161 147 135 117 171
E. Operative.	8 36 25 15 151 169 148 100 120
F. The senator from Ohio is and he isn't.	44 109 193 46 130 55 84 139
G. Yelverton's last name.	61 26 17 93 91 63
H. One of an ancient people who once conquered Asia Minor and Syria.	96 18 194 216 201 223 92
I. River in Italy.	101 19 119 114 48
J. Americans enjoy more than four of these.	118 102 50 128 187 94 76 162
K. A marble spotted like a serpent.	123 85 180 184 20 103
L. American League player, 1934-43.	127 33 159 27 121 104 124 65
M. Obliterates by rubbing out.	140 66 125 57 218 22 175
N. What United States must remain.	146 131 34 163 110 185 154 122 196 173 95
O. Pertaining to grave robbing.	203 38 86 222 58 2 182 191

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
P. A people united by common institutions.	16 167 115 28 126 3 77 111 67 179 137
Q. United States once had three of these officials in one month.	47 168 39 59 177 221 97 87 78 206
R. Wife of great author (she could easily be South American nation).	60 80 170 207 181 70
S. Our greatest President.	71 174 178 4 144 73 202
T. Annoyance.	89 51 198 208 74 152 138 204 64 150
U. The head building.	136 172 40 75 209 149 214
V. Japanese seaport.	224 41 188 210 197 219
W. One who works for retention of depletion allowance (2 wds.).	35 189 186 30 155 195 164 81 217 88 6
X. A number.	183 215 24 156 200
Y. Part of leg (sounds like former Minnesota senator).	205 31 129 105 116
Z. Americans are free to pursue it.	21 199 132 166 157 53 11 98 145
AA. Danish poet and dramatist (Anglicized spelling).	5 49 52 220 14
BB. Final action in archery contest.	72 9 1 7 213 37
CC. Berra's new headquarters.	56 62 79 29

See page 121 for solution of last issue's Trans-O-Gram.



DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black lines indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

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For The Record

Watch for re-emergence of Robert Taft Jr. in national Republican politics. Taft—unexpectedly defeated in senatorial race against Sen. Stephen Young—is friend of new Republican National Chairman Ray Bliss, a fellow Ohioan. Bliss is expected to book Taft heavily for speeches in key states. . . . In the spirited Los Angeles mayoralty contest, the Democrats' prelim will feature: Mayor Sam Yorty and Jesse (Big Daddy) Unruh vs. challenger James Roosevelt and his manager, Gov. Pat Brown. . . .

"Can I take your place, Comrade?"

The Democratic landslide in New York State that has resulted in a no-holds-barred Democratic fight for power in Albany could well result in Mayor Wagner's defeat in New York City next year. Wagner's attempt to put his men in power in the state legislature has left him short of powerful political allies. (Bobby Kennedy is picking up the pieces.) . . . Although two Republican conservatives, Edward Hutchinson (Mich.) and Robert McClory (Ill.), landed seats on House Judiciary Committee, chairman Emanuel Celler (D., N.Y.) insists he still has the votes to report out Pres. Johnson's immigration bill—and fast.

American diplomats in Far East reporting that rebel brutalities in the Congo—at first discounted as U.S. propaganda—have horrified many Asian leaders, could result in cooling of relations within the so-called "Afro-Asian" bloc. . . . A new report by the International Commission of Jurists in Geneva accuses Communist China of genocide in Tibet ("The latest evidence discloses a continuance of ill treatment of religious figures through excessive torture, beatings, starvation and forced labor."). . . In Paris, it is rumored that Pres. de Gaulle's next anti-U.S. blockbuster (possibly at his Feb. 4 press conference) could be formal recognition of North Vietnam. (France and North Vietnam established certain informal links when the French withdrew from Hanoi in 1955.)

Not surprising: New York subscription radio station WBAI—which specializes in far leftyana—has appointed Joanne Grant as news director. Miss Grant goes to WBAI from the Party-lining National Guardian. . . . Arthur Miller's drippy After the Fall took one—in Paris. The critics' verdict: 12 to 1 against. . . . New Yorkers may get a chance to see the controversial "The Oppenheimer Case" in the fall. Producer John Roberts says it will open on Broadway, probably in September. . . . Fidel Castro's official newspaper Revolución has taken to calling Cuba the "North Vietnam of the Caribbean" and the base from which "wars of liberation" will be launched.

So pleased was French Finance Minister Valery Giscard d'Estaing with the fact that France has balanced her budget for the first time in 35 years that he took out three-column ads in virtually every paper in the country to announce the tidings of good cheer.

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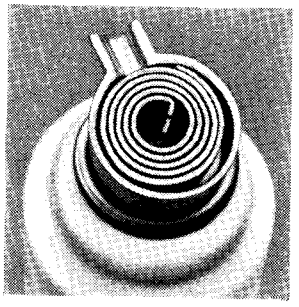

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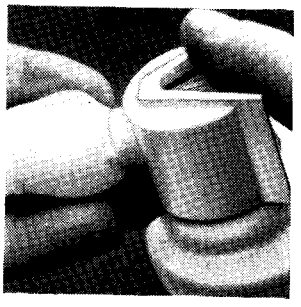

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Restaurant-pastry shop features floor in new Kentile® Colonial Brick Solid Vinyl Tile. Colors shown: Georgetown Red and Williamsburg Pink in 2-brick and 3-brick tiles. Counter base is Black KenCove® Vinyl.

KENTILE VINYL FLOORS

New from Kentile! Colonial Brick Solid Vinyl Tile that looks like brick, feels like brick—but costs far less! Needs no special underfloor. Here's brawny, authentic beauty that's easy to clean, stands up to heavy traffic—and is greaseproof. Comfortable and quiet underfoot—won't show spiked-heel dents. Kentile Dealer? See the Yellow Pages under "Floors"—or talk to your architect, builder, or interior designer.

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